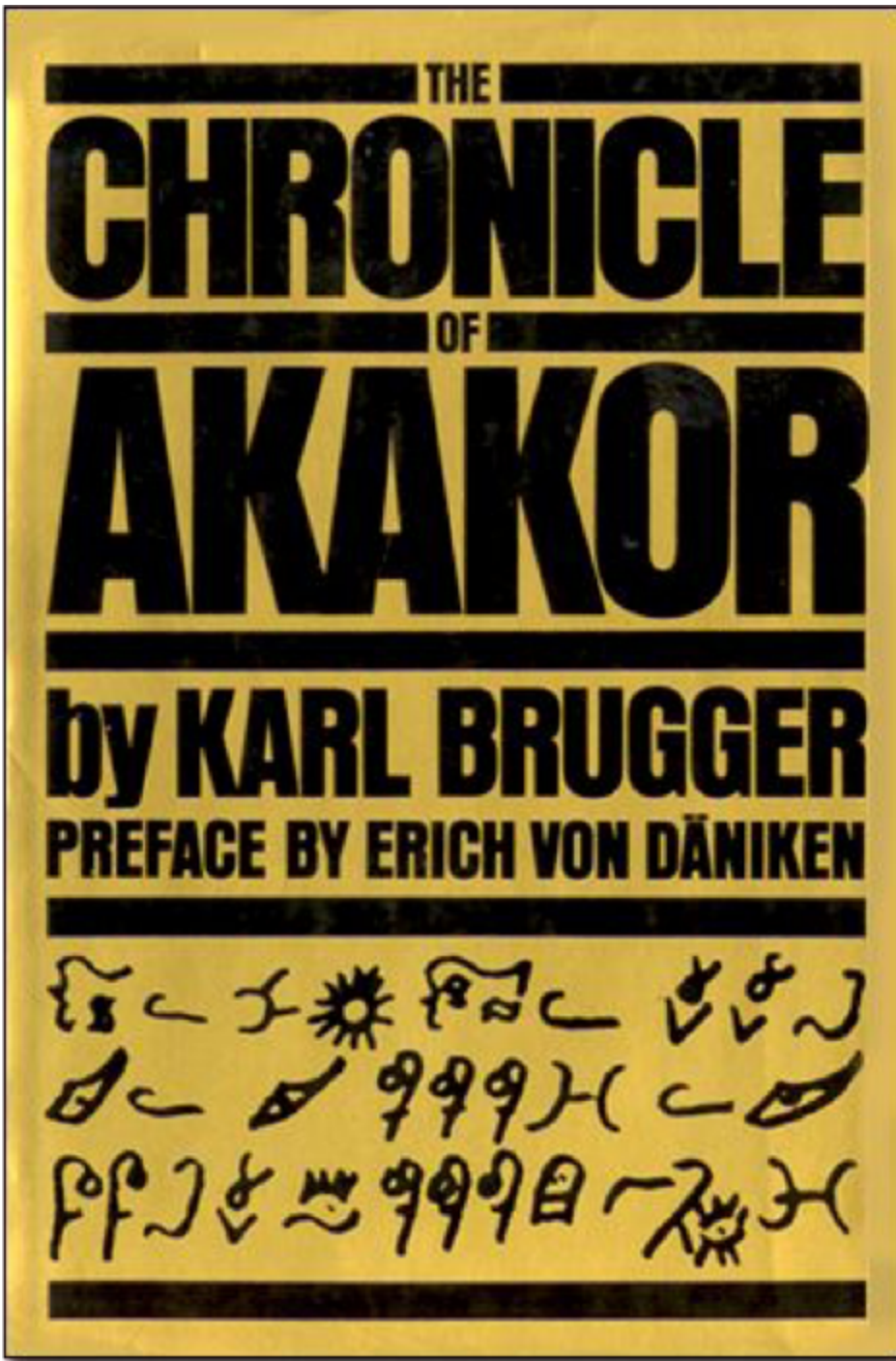


THE
CHRONICLE
OF
AKAKOR

by **KARL BRUGGER**
PREFACE BY ERICH VON DÄNIKEN

Handwritten symbols and characters, possibly representing a preface or introductory text in a non-Latin script.



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PREFACE BY ERICH VON DANIKEN

Scientists are not the only ones to strike it rich in exploring the unknown. Karl Brugger (born 1942), after completing his studies in contemporary history and sociology, went to South America as a journalist and learned about Akakor. Since 1974 Brugger has also been the correspondent of West German radio and television stations. He is now regarded as a specialist in Indian affairs.

In 1972, Brugger met Tatumca Nara, the son of an Indian chieftain, in Manaus at the meeting of the Rio Solimoes and the Rio Negro, that is, at the beginning of the Amazon. Tatumca Nara is the chief of the Ugha Mongulala, Dacca, and Haisha Indians.

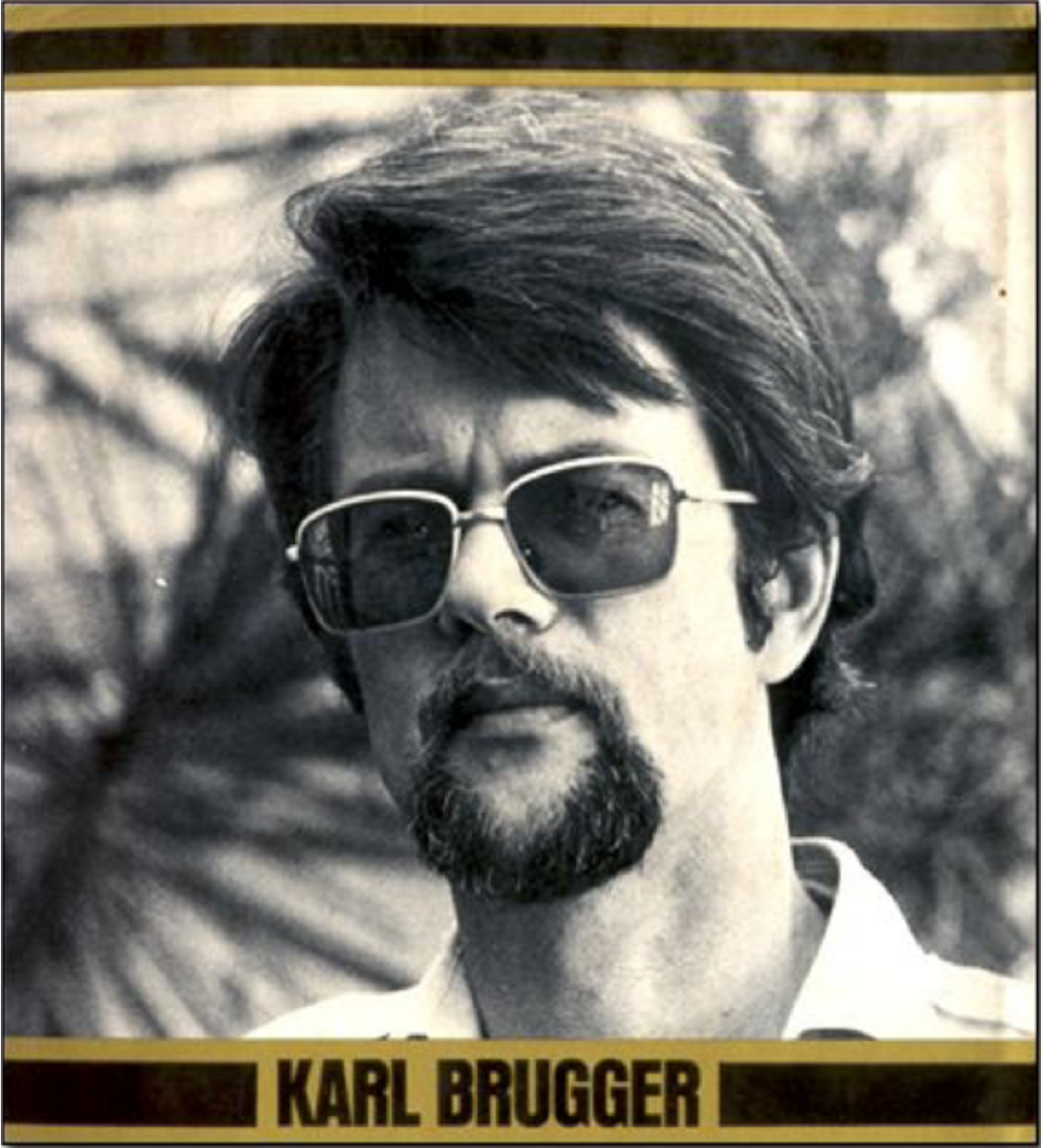
Brugger, a skeptic and a conscientious researcher, listened to the truly incredible story the mestizo told him. After having checked it thoroughly, he decided to publish the chronicle he had recorded on tape.

As I myself am used to the fantastic and always prepared for the extraordinary, I am not easily startled, but I must confess that I felt uncommonly moved by Brugger's *Chronicle of Akakor*. It opens up a dimension that must make even skeptics see that the unthinkable is often imaginable.

Incidentally, *The Chronicle of Akakor* fits accurately into the picture that is familiar to mythologists all around the world. Gods came from "the sky," instructed the first humans, left some mysterious apparatus behind, and disappeared again "into the sky." The devastating disasters described by Tatumca Nara can be linked in the most minute detail to Immanuel Velikovsky's *Worlds in Collision*. The story of the Indian prince who had never seen Velikovsky's works, his extraordinary descriptions about the course of a global world catastrophe, and even the exact dating are simply astounding. Also, the assertion that certain parts of South America are riddled with artificial subterranean passages cannot shock the expert. In a former book, I have reported seeing such underground structures with my own eyes. *The Chronicle of Akakor* provides answers to much that is only assumed in other works on similar subjects.



Still unexplored regions in Amazonia



Karl Brugger is a German journalist who lives in Brazil

INTRODUCTION

Amazonia begins in Santa Maria de Belem, 120 kilometers from the shores of the Atlantic. In 1616, when 200 Portuguese under the leadership of Francisco Castello Branco took possession of this territory in the name of His Majesty, the King of Portugal and Spain, their chronicler described it as a friendly and inviting piece of land with giant trees. Nowadays, Belem is a large city with skyscrapers, traffic jams, and a population of 633,000. It is the point of departure for white civilization in its conquest of Amazonia's virgin forests. But throughout 400 years, the city has managed to preserve traces of its heroic and mystic past. Dilapidated palaces in colonial style and tiled houses with enormous iron portals bear witness to the notorious era when the discovery of the vulcanization process for rubber had raised Belem to the level of a European metropolis. The two-story market at the port also dates from this period, and just about everything can be bought here: fish from the Amazon River or the ocean; sweet-smelling tropical fruit; medicinal herbs, roots, bulbs, and flowers; crocodile teeth, which are thought to have aphrodisiac properties, and rosaries made of terra cotta.

Santa Maria de Belem is a city of contrasts. Noisy business streets in the center, but the jungle world of Marajo Island, once upon a time settled by one of the great civilized populations that tried to conquer Amazonia, is a mere two-hour journey upriver, on the opposite bank. According to traditional history, the Marajoaras reached the island around A.D. 1100, when their civilization was at its height, but by the time the European explorers arrived, the people had already vanished. All that remains are beautiful ceramics, stylized figures clearly expressing grief, joy, dreams. They seem to tell a story, but what is it?

Up to Marajo Island, the Amazon is a confusing network of canals, tributaries, and lagoons. The river runs a distance of 6,000 kilometers: It rises in Peru and rushes down the Colombian rapids, changing its name in each country—from Apurimac to Ucayali and Maranon, from Maranon to Solimoes. From Marajo Island onward, the Amazon carries more water than any other river in the world.

A large motorboat, the only means of transport in Amazonia, takes three days to travel from Belem to the nearest larger settlement of Santarem. It may be impossible to understand the great river without having experienced these motorboats, which incorporate the Amazonian notion of time, life, and distance. One can ride 150 kilometers per day (not per hour) downriver; time on these boats is passed in eating, drinking, dreaming, and loving.

Santarem lies on the right bank of the Amazon, at the mouth of the river Tapajoz. The population of

350,000 is experiencing prosperous times, for the city is the terminal of the Transamazonica and attracts gold panners, smugglers, and adventurers. One of the oldest Amazonian civilizations flourished here, the people of the Tapajoz, probably the largest tribe of jungle Indians. The historian Heriarte stated that, if necessary, he could muster up to 50,000 archers for a battle. Even if this is an exaggeration, the Tapajoz were sufficiently numerous to supply Portuguese slave markets for eighty years. This formerly proud tribe has left nothing behind except archaeological specimens - and the river that bears their name.

Rivers, cities, and legends of the Amazonian world pass by on the stretch from Santarem to Manaus.

The Spanish adventurer Francisco Orellana allegedly fought the Amazons at the mouth of the Nhamunda River. Lake Lacy, the Mirror of the Moon, lies on the right bank of the river, close to the settlement of Faro. According to the legend, the Amazons came down to the lake from the surrounding mountains when the moon was full to meet their lovers, who were waiting for them. They dived for strange stones that, underwater, could be kneaded like bread but were hard on land. The Amazons called these rocks *Muiraquita* and gave them to their lovers. Scientists regard the stones as archaeological miracles: They are as hard as diamonds and artificially shaped, although evidence has shown that the Tapajoz had no tools to work this kind of material.

The real Rio Amazonas starts at the confluence of the Rio Solimoes and Rio Negro. It takes twenty minutes by boat to reach Manaus, which is without any road communication to the shore. This is where I met Tatumca Nara.

The date was March 3, 1972. M., commanding the Brazilian jungle contingent in Manaus, had been instrumental in arranging this meeting. It was in the bar *Gragas a Deus* ("Thanks to God") that I first confronted the white Indian chieftain. He was tall and had long dark hair and a finely molded face. His brown eyes, narrowed and full of suspicion, were characteristic of the half-breed. Tatumca Nara was wearing a faded tropical suit, a gift of the officers as he explained to me later. His broad leather belt with a silver buckle was very striking. The first minutes of our conversation were difficult. Somewhat reluctantly, Tatumca Nara described in broken German his impressions of the white city, with its innumerable people, the haste and rush in the streets, the high buildings, and the unbearable noise. Only when he had overcome his reserve and his initial suspicion did he tell me the most extraordinary story I have ever heard. Tatumca Nara told of the tribe of the Ugha Mongulala, a people who were "chosen by the Gods" 15,000 years ago. He described two great catastrophes that had devastated the earth and spoke of the ruler Lhasa, a son of the Gods, who governed the South American continent, and of his relation to the Egyptians, the origin of the Incas, the arrival of the Goths, and an alliance of the Indians with 2,000 German soldiers. He spoke of giant stone cities and subterranean settlements of the divine ancestors. And he said that all these events had been written down in a document called the Chronicle of Akakor.

The longest part of his story was about the Indians' struggle against the whites, against Spaniards and Portuguese, rubber planters, settlers, adventurers, and Peruvian soldiers. They drove the Ugha Mongulala, whose prince he claimed to be, further and further into the Andes, even into the subterranean settlements. He was now appealing to his bitterest enemies, the white men, for help because of the imminent extinction of his people. Before talking to me, Tatumca Nara had talked to high

Brazilian officers of the Indian Protection Service, but without success. This, in any case, was his story. Was I to believe it or reject it? In the humid heat of the *Gragas a Deus* bar, a strange world was revealed to me which, if it existed, would turn the Maya and Inca legends into reality.

The second and third meetings with Tatumca Nara were in my air-conditioned hotel room. In a monologue lasting for hours, only interrupted

by my changing to a new tape, he told the story of the Ugha Mongulala, the Allied Chosen Tribes, from the year zero to 12,453 (i.e., from 10,481 B.C. to 1972 according to the calendar of white civilization). But my initial enthusiasm had disappeared. The story seemed too extraordinary: just another legend from the forest, the product of tropical heat and the mystic effect of the impenetrable jungle. Tatumca Nara finished his report, and I had twelve tapes with a fantastic fairy tale.

Tatumca Nara's story only began to seem plausible when I once again met my friend, the Brazilian officer M. He was part of the "Second Department," a member of the secret service. M. had known Tatumca Nara for four years and confirmed at least the end of his adventurous story. The chieftain had saved the lives of twelve Brazilian officers whose plane had crashed in the province of Acre and led them back to civilization. The Indian tribes of the Yaminawa and Kaxinawa revered Tatumca Nara as a chieftain even though he was not of their tribe. These facts were documented in the archives of the Brazilian secret service. I decided to check further on Tatumca Nara's story.

My research in Rio de Janeiro, Brasilia, Manaus, and Rio Branco yielded astonishing results. Tatumca Nara's story is documented in newspapers starting in 1968, when a white Indian chieftain is first mentioned who saved the lives of twelve Brazilian officers by obtaining their release from the Haisha Indians and leading them to Manaus. Through the help of the officers, Tatumca Nara was granted a Brazilian labor permit and an identity card. According to witnesses, the mysterious Indian chieftain speaks broken German, understands only a few words of Portuguese, but is fluent in a number of Indian languages spoken along the upper reaches of the Amazon. A few weeks after his arrival in Manaus, Tatumca Nara suddenly disappeared without a trace.

In 1969, heavy fighting broke out between savage Indian tribes and white settlers in the Peruvian frontier province of Madre de Dios, a godforsaken, miserable region on the eastern slopes of the Andes. Amazonia's old story was reenacted: a rising of the oppressed against the oppressors, followed by the victory of the ever-victorious whites. The leader of the Indians, who, according to Peruvian press reports, was known as Tatumca ("great water

serpent"), fled to Brazilian territory after the defeat. In order to prevent a continuation of the attacks, the Peruvian government applied to Brazil for extradition, but the Brazilian authorities refused to cooperate.

Fighting in the frontier province of Madre de Dios slowly subsided during 1970 and 1971. The savage Indian tribes fled to the almost inaccessible forests near the source of the River Yaku. Tatumca Nara had seemingly vanished. Peru closed the frontier to Brazil and started the systematic invasion of the virgin forest. According to eyewitnesses, the Peruvian Indians shared the fate of their Brazilian brothers: They were murdered or died of the diseases of white civilization.

In 1972, Tatumca Nara returned to white civilization, and in the Brazilian town of Rio Branco, he established a connection with the Catholic Bishop Grotti. Together, they begged for food for the Indians on Rio Yaku in the churches of Acre's capital. Since Acre province had been considered "free of Indians," even the bishop was not granted any help by the state. Three months later, Monsignore Grotti died in a mysterious plane crash.

But Tatumca Nara did not give up. With the help of the twelve officers whose lives he had saved, he got in touch with the Brazilian secret service. He also appealed to the Indian Protection Service (FUNAI) and told the West German Embassy secretary N. in Brasilia about the 2,000 German soldiers who reportedly landed in Brazil during the Second World War and are still alive in Akakor, his people's capital. N. did not believe the story and refused Tatumca Nara further access to the embassy. FUNAI only agreed to cooperate after many details of Tatumca Nara's story about unknown Indian tribes in

Amazonia were substantiated during the summer of 1972. The service formed an expedition to establish contact with the mysterious Ugha Mongulala and instructed Tatumca Nara to make the necessary preparations. However, these plans were halted by the resistance of the local authorities of Acre province. On personal instructions of then Governor Wanderlei Dantas, Tatumca Nara was arrested. Shortly before his extradition to the Peruvian frontier, his officer friends released him from the Rio Branco prison and took him back to Manaus. And here I saw Tatumca Nara again.

This next meeting took a different course. I had thoroughly checked his story and compared the tape recordings with material in archives and reports by contemporary historians. Some points could be explained, but I still thought much was quite incredible, such as the subterranean settlement and the landing of the 2,000 German soldiers. But it was unlikely that the whole thing was fabricated: Officer M.'s data and Tatunca Nara's story did coincide.

In the course of this meeting Tatunca Nara repeated his tale once again. He marked the approximate location of Akakor on a map, described the route of the German soldiers from Marseilles to Rio Purus, and mentioned the names of several of their leaders. He drew various symbols of the Gods in which the Chronicle of Akakor was allegedly written. Again and again he returned to those mysterious ancestors whose memory had remained forever intact with his people. I began to believe in a story whose very incredulity became a challenge. When Tatunca Nara suggested that I accompany him to Akakor, I accepted.

Tatunca Nara, the Brazilian photographer J., and I left Manaus on September 25, 1972. We intended to proceed as far as the upper reaches of Rio Purus on a hired river craft. We would take along a canoe with an outboard motor and use that to reach the headwater region of Rio Yaku on the border between Brazil and Peru, then continue on foot through the foothills of the Andes to Akakor. Time required for the expedition: six weeks; probable return: early November.

Our equipment consisted of hammocks, mosquito nets, cooking utensils, food, the usual jungle clothes, and medical dressings. For arms we carried a Winchester 44, two revolvers, a hunting rifle, and large machetes. In addition, we had our filming equipment, two tape recorders, and cameras.

The first days differed widely from our expectations: no mosquitoes, no water snakes, no piranhas. The Rio Negro was like a lake without banks. We glimpsed the jungle on the horizon, its mysteries hidden behind a green wall.

The first town we reached was Sena Madureira, the last settlement before entering the as yet unexplored frontier regions between Brazil and Peru. It

was typical of all of Amazonia: dirty clay roads, dilapidated huts, an unpleasant smell of stagnant water. Eight out of ten inhabitants suffer from beriberi, leprosy, or malaria. Chronic malnutrition has left the people in a state of dull resignation. Surrounded by the brutality of the wilderness and isolated from civilization, the people depend heavily on sugarcane liquor, their only means of escape from hopeless reality. Standing in a bar, we say good-bye to civilization and meet a man who allegedly knows the upper reaches of Rio Purus. In his search for gold, he was taken captive by the Haisha Indians, a semi-civilized tribe in the headwater region of the Rio Yaku. His report is discouraging: He tells us all about cannibalistic rituals and poisoned arrows.

On October 5, at Cachoeira Inglesa, we abandon the boat for our canoe, and from now on we depend on Tatumca Nara. The ordnance maps show the course of the River Yaku, only inaccurately. Indian tribes living in this region do not yet have any contact with white civilization. J. and I both have an uncomfortable feeling: Is there such a place as Akakor after all? Can we trust Tatumca Nara? But the adventure proves more compelling than our anxiety.

Twelve days after leaving Manaus, the landscape starts changing. The river up until this point looked like an earthy brown sea without shores. Now we drift through lianas under overhanging trees. After a bend in the river, we come across a group of prospectors who have constructed a primitive factory on the riverbank and are running the coarse-grained sand through sieves. We accept their invitation to stay

the night and listen to their strange tales about red-haired and blue-and-red-painted Indians with poisoned arrows....

The trip becomes an expedition against our own doubts. We are barely ten days from our putative goal. The monotonous diet, the physical strain, and the fear of the unknown have all taken their toll. What seemed a fantastic adventure in Manaus has now become a nightmare. Basically, we realize we'd like to turn back and forget about Akakor before it is too late.

We have not yet seen any Indians. The first snowcapped mountains of the Andes appear on the horizon; behind us stretches the green sea of the

Amazonian lowlands. Tatumca Nara prepares for his return to his people. In a strange ceremony, he paints his body: red stripes on his face, chest and legs in dark yellow. He ties his hair back with a leather band which is decorated with the strange symbols of the Ugha Mongulala.

On October 13, we have to turn back after all. After a dangerous passage over rapids, the canoe is caught in an eddy and capsizes. Our camera equipment packed in boxes drifts into the dense bush on the bank; half of our food and the medical stores are also lost. In this hopeless situation, we decide to give up the expedition and return to Manaus. Tatumca Nara reacts with irritation: He is bitter and disappointed. The next morning, J. and I break our last camp. Tatumca Nara, in the war paint of his people, wearing only a loincloth, takes the overland route to return to his people.

This was my last contact with the Ugha Mongulala chieftain. After my return to Rio de Janeiro in October 1972, I tried to forget Tatumca Nara, Akakor, and the Gods. It was only in the summer of 1973 that the memory returned: Brazil had started the systematic invasion of Amazonia. Twelve thousand laborers were building two trunk roads through the as yet unexplored jungle, cutting a distance of 7,000 kilometers. Thirty thousand Indians mistook the bulldozers for giant tapirs and fled into the wilderness. The last attack on Amazonia had started.

And with that, the old legends returned to me, as fascinating and mystical as before. In April 1973, FUNAI discovered a tribe of white Indians on the upper reaches of Rio Xingu, which Tatumca Nara had mentioned to me a year before. In May, during survey work at the Pico da Neblina, Brazilian frontier guards established contact with Indians who were led by women. They also had been thoroughly described by Tatumca Nara. And finally, in June 1973, several Indian tribes were sighted in the Acre region, previously assumed to be "free from Indians."

Does Akakor exist after all? Perhaps not exactly the way Tatumca Nara had described it, but the city is undoubtedly real. After reviewing Tatumca Nara's tape recordings, I decided to write his story down "in good words and in clear script," as the Indians specify. This book, *The Chronicle of Akakor*, is in five parts. "The Book of the Jaguar" deals with the colonization of the earth by the Gods and the period up to the second world

catastrophe. "The Book of the Eagle" comprises the time between 6,000 and 11,000 (of their own calendar) and describes the arrival of the Goths. The third book, "The Book of the Ant," tells about the struggle against the Spanish and Portuguese colonists after their landing in Peru and Brazil. The fourth and last book, "The Book of the Water Serpent," describes the arrival of 2,000 German soldiers in Akakor and their integration with the Ugha Mongulala people; it also predicts a third great catastrophe. In the fifth part, the Appendix, I have summarized the results of my research in Brazilian and German archives.

The major part of the book, the actual Chronicle of Akakor, closely follows Tatumca Nara's report. I have tried to render it as literally as possible, even when the facts seem to contradict traditional historiography. I have dealt in the same way with maps and drawings based on data supplied by Tatumca Nara. The script samples were made by Tatumca Nara in Manaus. All subsections are preceded by a short summary of traditional history to give the reader a basis for comparison, but I have restricted this to the most important events in South American history. The chronological table at the end of the book provides a juxtaposition of the Akakor calendar with that of traditional history. On another table, I have entered the probable names given by white civilization to the various tribes mentioned in the text.

The quotations from the Chronicle of Akakor, printed as inserts, were recited by Tatumca Nara, who knew them by heart. According to him, the actual chronicle was written on wood, skins, later also parchment, and is guarded by the priests in the Temple of the Sun, the greatest heritage of the Ugha Mongulala. Bishop Grotti was the only white man ever to see it, and he took various excerpts with him. After his mysterious death, the documents vanished. Tatumca Nara thinks that the bishop hid them or that they are stored in the archives of the Vatican.

I have checked most carefully on all the information in the Introduction and the Appendix regarding its content of truth. The quotations from contemporary historians come from Spanish source material, and I translated them myself. I have only added my own considerations in the Appendix to help the reader to better understand. For this reason, I have not dwelt on the theories about astronauts or divine creatures as possible

predecessors of human civilization. The emphasis of this book is on the history and civilization of the Ugha Mongulala in contrast with that of the White Barbarians.

Does Akakor exist at all? Is there a written history of the Ugha Mongulala? My own doubts have made me divide the book into two strictly separate parts. In *The Chronicle of Akakor* I have only passed on the report of Tatumca Nara. The Appendix contains the material I have gathered from the respective sources. My own contribution is not much compared with the history of a mysterious people, with Former Masters, divine laws, subterranean settlements, and the like. This is a story that may have originated from a legend but may yet be confirmed. And the reader must himself decide whether this is a cleverly invented report, based on the gaps of inadequate historical writing, or a piece of true history, written down "in good words, in clear script."

THE BOOK OF THE JAGUAR

This is the jaguar. Mighty is his leap and powerful his paw. He is the lord of the forests. All animals are his subjects. He brooks no resistance. He metes out terrible punishment. He destroys the disobedient and devours their flesh.

1. THE REALM OF THE GODS

600,000 B.C. to 10,481 BC.

When humanity's history began is a disputed question. According to the Bible, God created the world in six days for his own honor and for the good of mankind. He then fashioned man from dust and gave him the breath of life. But according to the *Popol Vuh*, the Book of the Maya, man first emerged only in the fourth divine creation, after three previous worlds had been destroyed by awesome catastrophes. Traditional historiography puts the actual start of human history at 600,000 B.C., with the first primitive humans, who knew neither tools nor the use of fire. Around 80,000 B.C. they were succeeded by Neanderthal man, who had advanced tremendously, and knew the use of fire and had developed burial rites. Prehistory, the early history of man, begins in 50,000 B.C.; according to archaeological findings, it has been divided into the Stone, Bronze, and Iron Ages. During the Stone Age, man was a hunter and gatherer; he hunted mammoth, wild horses, and reindeer. With the slow regression of the ice cap, he gradually followed the animals that were migrating to the north: Agriculture and domesticated animals were still unknown to him. However, his paintings on the walls of the sheltering caves are evidence of a surprisingly sophisticated art based on magical-religious hunting rites. It is assumed that around 25,000 B.C. the first central Asian tribes crossed the Bering Straits to America.

The Foreign Masters From Schwerta

The Chronicle of Akakor, the written history of my people, starts at the hour zero, when the Gods left us. At that time, Ina, the first prince of the Ugha Mongulala, resolved to have everything that was going to happen written down in good words and in clear script. And thus the Chronicle of Akakor bears witness to the history of the oldest people of the world, from the beginning, the hour zero, when the Former Masters left us, until the present time, when the White Barbarians are attempting to destroy our people. It explains the testament of the Ancient Fathers—their knowledge and their wisdom. And it describes the origin of time, when my people was the only one on the continent and the Great River still flowed on either side, when the country was still flat and soft like a lamb's back. All this is written down in the chronicle, the history of my people since the departure of the Gods, the hour zero, which corresponds to the year 10,481 B.C. according to the calendar of the White Barbarians:

"This is the story. This is the history of the Chosen Servants. In the beginning all was chaos. Men lived like animals, without reason and without knowledge, without laws, and without tilling the soil, without clothing themselves or even covering their nakedness. They knew nothing of the secrets of nature. They lived in groups of two or three, as accident had brought them together, in caves or rock crevasses. They walked on all fours until the Gods arrived: They brought the light."

We do not know when all this happened. Where the strangers came from is only dimly known. A dense mystery lies over the origin of our Former Masters which even the priests' knowledge cannot disperse. According to tradition, the time must have been 3,000 years before the hour zero - 13,000 B.C. according to the calendar of the White Barbarians. Suddenly, glimmering golden ships appeared in the sky. Enormous blasts of fire illuminated the plain. The earth shook, and thunder echoed over the hills. Man bowed down in veneration before the powerful strangers who came to take possession of the earth.

The strangers said their home was called Schwerta, a world far distant in the depths of the universe where their ancestors lived and from where they

had come to bring their knowledge to other worlds.

Our priests say that it was a powerful empire made up of many planets, as numerous as grains of dust on the road. And they also say that both worlds, that of our Former Masters and the earth itself, meet one another every 6,000 years. Then the Gods return.

With the arrival of the strange visitors to our world, the Golden Age began. One hundred and thirty families of the Ancient Fathers came to the earth to free man from darkness. And the Gods recognized them as their own brothers. They settled the wandering tribes; they gave them fair shares of all things edible. They worked diligently to teach man their laws even though their teaching was met by opposition. For all this labor, and for the sake of everything they suffered for mankind and for what they brought and showed us, we venerate them as the bringers of our light. And our cleverest artisans have fashioned images of the Gods that bear witness throughout all eternity to their true greatness and wonderful power. Thus the image of the Former Masters has remained known to this day.

In appearance, the strangers from Schwerta hardly differed from man. They had graceful bodies and white skin. Their noble faces were framed with bluish black hair. A thick beard covered the upper lip and the chin. Like man, they were vulnerable creatures of flesh and blood. But the decisive sign that distinguished the Ancient Fathers from men were the six fingers on each of their hands and the six toes on each of their feet, the characteristic of their divine origin.

"Who can learn to fathom the acts of the Gods? Who can learn to understand their deeds? For surely they were mighty, incomprehensible to ordinary mortals. They knew the course of the stars and the laws of nature. Verily, they were familiar with the highest law of the universe. One hundred and thirty families of the Ancient Fathers came to earth and brought the light."

The Chosen Tribes

The memory of our oldest ancestors makes me bewildered and sad. My heart is heavy because we are now alone, abandoned by our Former Masters. Our knowledge and power is due to them. They led men from darkness to light. Before the strangers arrived from Schwerta, men wandered about like children who cannot find their homes and whose hearts know no love. They gathered roots, bulbs, and wild growing fruits; lived in caves and holes in the ground; and disputed with their neighbors over the hunted prey. Then the Gods came and established a new order in the world. They taught men to till the soil and to raise animals. They showed them how to weave cloth and allotted permanent homes to families and clans. And thus the tribes developed.

"That was the beginning of light, life, and tribe. The Gods called men together. They deliberated, considered, and held councils. Then they made decisions. And from all the people they chose their servants to live with them, servants to whom they bequeathed their knowledge."

From the chosen families, the Gods founded a new tribe and gave it the name of Ugha Mongulala, which in the language of the White Barbarians means the Allied Chosen Tribes. And as a token of their eternal covenant, they mated with their servants. Therefore the Ugha Mongulala resemble their divine forefathers to the present day. They are tall; their faces are characterized by protruding cheekbones, a sharply delineated nose, and almond-shaped eyes. Men and women have the same thick bluish black hair. The only difference from the Gods were the mortals' five fingers and five toes. The Ugha Mongulala are the only white-skinned people on the continent.

Although the Former Masters withheld many secrets, the history of my people nevertheless also explains the Gods' history. The strangers from Schwerta founded a powerful empire. With their knowledge, their superior wisdom, and their mysterious tools it was easy for them to change the earth according to their own ideas. They divided the country, and built roads and canals. They sowed new plants previously unknown to man. They taught our forefathers that an animal is not only prey but can also be a valuable

possession and indispensable against hunger. They patiently imparted the knowledge necessary so that man could grasp the secrets of nature.

Based on this wisdom, the Ugha Mongulala survived for millennia in spite of horrendous catastrophes and terrible wars. As the Chosen Servants of the Former Masters, they determined the history of mankind for 12,453 years, as it was written in the Chronicle of Akakor:

"The line of the Chosen Servants did not die out. Those that are called the Ugha Mongulala survived. Many of their sons may have died in devastating wars; awful catastrophes were visited on their realms. But the strength of the Chosen Servants remained intact. They were the masters. They are the descendants of the Gods."

The Stone Empire

The Chronicle of Akakor, the written history of the people of the Ugha Mongulala, only begins after the departure of the Former Masters in the year zero. At that time, Ina, the first prince of the Ugha Mongulala, commanded that all events be written down in good words and in clear script, and with due veneration for the Former Masters. But the history of the Chosen Servants reaches back further, into the Golden Age, when the Ancient Fathers were still ruling the Empire. Very few testimonies of this period have been preserved. The Gods must have established a mighty empire where all the tribes fulfilled allotted tasks. The Ugha Mongulala ranked highest. They were granted a greater wisdom that made them superior to all other peoples. In the year zero, the Gods bequeathed their cities and temples to the Chosen Tribes. They have lasted 12,000 years.

Few White Barbarians have ever seen these monuments or the city of Akakor, my people's capital.

Some Spanish soldiers who had been captured by the Ugha Mongulala succeeded in escaping through the subterranean passages. White adventurers and settlers who discovered our capital have been imprisoned by my people.

Akakor, the capital of the realm, was built 14,000 years ago by our forefathers under the guidance of the Former Masters. The name comes from them as well: *Aka* means "fortress," and *Kor* means "two." Akakor is the second fortress. Our priests also tell of the first fortress, Akanis. It was situated on a narrow isthmus in the country that is called Mexico, at the place where the two oceans touch. Akahim,



The flag of Akakor

Our capital is in a high valley in the mountains on the frontier between the countries called Peru and Brazil. It is protected on three sides by precipitous rocks. To the east, a gradually descending plain reaches as far as the liana wilderness of the great forest region. The whole city is surrounded by a high stone wall with thirteen gates. They are so narrow that they give access only to one person at a time.

the third fortress, is not mentioned in the chronicle before the year 7315. Its history is closely linked to that of Akakor.

The plain in the east is additionally guarded by stone watchtowers where chosen warriors are always on the lookout for enemies.

Akakor is laid out in rectangles. Two intersecting main streets divide the city into four parts, corresponding to the four universal points of our Gods. The Great Temple of the Sun and a stone gate cut from a single block sit on a wide square in the center. The temple faces due east, toward the rising sun, and is decorated with symbolic images of our Former Masters. In each hand, a divine creature holds a staff topped by the head of a jaguar. The figure is crowned with a headdress of animal ornaments. The garments are decorated with similar pictures. A strange script that can only be interpreted by our priests tells of the foundation of the city. All stone cities that were built by our Former Masters have such a gate.

The most impressive building in Akakor is the Great Temple of the Sun. Its outer walls are unadorned and are made from artfully hewn stones. The roof of the temple is open so that the rays of the rising sun can reach a golden mirror, which dates from the times of the Former Masters, and is mounted at the front. Life-size stone figures flank both sides of the entrance to the temple. The interior walls are covered with reliefs. In a large stone chest sunk into the front wall of the temple are the first written laws of our Former Masters.

Next to the Great Temple of the Sun are the buildings for the priests and their servants, the palace of the prince, and the lodgings of the warriors.

These buildings are rectangular in shape and are made from hewn stone blocks. They are roofed with a thick layer of grass supported by bamboo poles.

At the time of our Former Masters' reign, another twenty-six stone cities surrounded Akakor, and they are all mentioned in the chronicle. The largest were Humbaya and Patite in the country that is called Bolivia, Emin on the lower reaches of the Great River, and Cadira in the mountains of the country called Venezuela. But all these were completely destroyed in the first Great Catastrophe thirteen years after the departure of the Gods.

Apart from these mighty cities, the Ancient Fathers also erected three sacred temple complexes:

Salazere on the upper reaches of the Great River, Tiahuanaco on the Great Lake, and Manoa on the high

plain in the south. These were the terrestrial residences of the Former Masters and forbidden ground to the Ugha Mongulala. A giant pyramid was erected in their center, and a broad staircase led to the platform where the Gods celebrated ceremonies unknown to us. The main building was surrounded by smaller pyramids interconnected by columns, and further away, on artificially created hills, stood other buildings decorated with glittering plates. In the light of the rising sun, the priests relate, the cities of the Gods seemed to be aflame. They radiated a mysterious light, shining in the snowy mountains.

Of the sacred temple precincts, I have seen only Salazere with my own eyes. It lies at a distance of an eight days' journey from the city that the White Barbarians call Manaus, at a tributary of the Great River. Its palaces and temples have become completely overgrown by the liana jungle. Only the top of the great pyramid still rises above the forest, overgrown by a dense thicket of bush and trees. Even the initiated have difficulties in reaching the dwelling place of the Gods. It is surrounded by deep swamps, the territory of the Tribe that Lives on Trees. After this tribe's first contact with the White Barbarians, they retired to the inaccessible forests around Salazere. There the people live on trees like monkeys, killing anyone who dares to invade their community. I only succeeded in reaching the temple

precinct because thousands of years ago this tribe was allied with the Ugha Mongulala and even now respects the secret signs of recognition. These signs are engraved on a stone at the upper edge of the pyramid platform. Although we can copy them, we have lost all understanding of their significance.

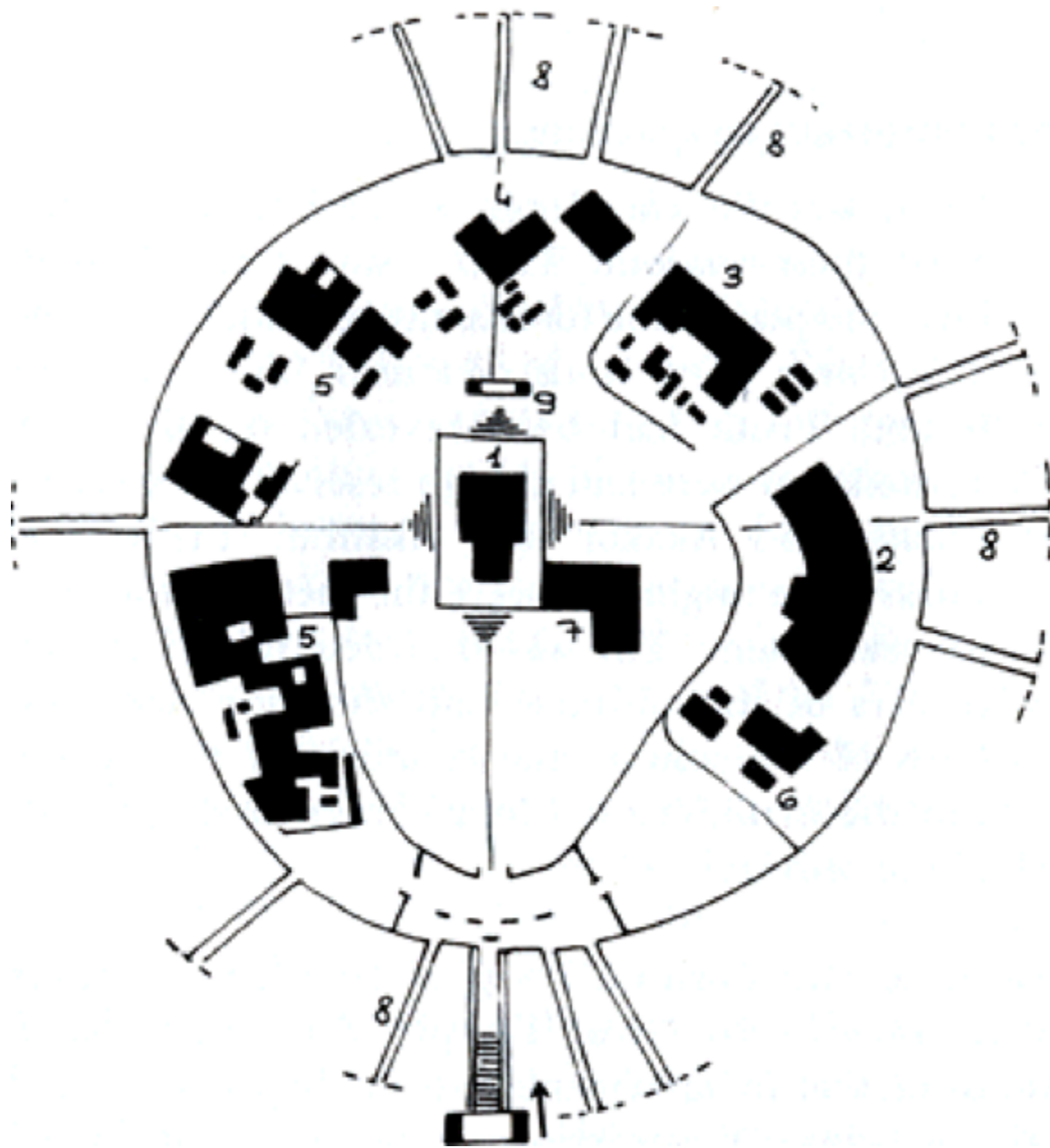
The temple precincts have also remained a mystery to my people. Their buildings are testimonies to a higher knowledge, incomprehensible to humans. For the Gods, the pyramids were not only dwelling places but also symbols of life and death. They were a sign of the sun, of light, of life. The Former Masters taught us that there is a place between life and death, between life and nothingness, which is subject to a different time. For them, the pyramids were a link with the second life.

The Subterranean Dwellings

"Great was the knowledge of the Former Masters; great their wisdom. Their vision reached to the hills, the plains, the forests, the seas, and the valley. They were miraculous creatures. They knew the future. Truth had been revealed to them. Farsighted they were and of high resolve. They erected Akanis and Akakor and Akahim. Truly, their works were mighty, as were the methods they used to create them:

The way they determined the four corners of the universe and the four sides. The lords of the cosmos, the creatures of the heavens and the earth, created four corners and four sides of the universe."

Akakor now lies in ruins. The great stone gate is broken. Lianas grow in the Great Temple of the Sun. On my command, and in agreement with the Supreme Council and the priests, the warriors of the Ugha Mongulala destroyed our capital three years ago. The city would have betrayed our presence to the White Barbarians, and so we relinquished Akakor. My people have fled into the underground dwellings, the last gift of the Gods. We have thirteen cities, deeply hidden inside the mountains that are called the Andes. Their plan corresponds to the constellation of Schwerta, the home of the Ancient Fathers. Lower Akakor is the center. The city lies in a giant man-made cave. The houses, arranged in a circle and ringed by a decorative wall, surround the Great Temple of the Sun in the center. Just like upper Akakor, the city is divided by two intersecting streets, corresponding to the four corners and the four sides of the universe. All roads run parallel to them. The largest building is the Great Temple of the Sun, which towers above the dwellings of the priests and their servants, the prince's palace, the lodgings of the warriors, and the modest houses of the people. In the interior of the temple are twelve entrances to the tunnels that link lower Akakor with other underground cities. They have sloping walls and a flat roof. The tunnels are large enough for five men walking upright. Many days are needed to reach one of the other cities from Akakor.



ENTRANCE

Ground plan of lower Akakor: 1 temple, 2 palace, 3 priests, 4 armory, 5 people, 6 palace of guards, 7 throne chamber, 8 connecting passages, 9 Gate of the Gods

Twelve of the cities—Akakor, Budo, Kish, Boda, Gudi, Tanum, Sanga, Rino, Kos, Aman, Tata, and Sikon - are artificially lit. The light changes in accordance with the sun. Only Mu, the thirteenth and smallest of the cities, has high shafts reaching the surface. An enormous silver mirror disperses sunlight over the whole city. All subterranean cities are crossed by canals carrying water from the mountains. Small tributaries supply individual buildings and houses. The entrances on the surface are carefully camouflaged. In emergencies, the subterranean dwellings can be sealed off from the exterior world by large mobile rock gates.

Nothing is known to us about the construction of lower Akakor. Its history is lost in the darkness of the most remote past. Even the German soldiers who settled with my people were not able to unveil this mystery. For years, they measured the subterranean installations of the Gods, explored the tunnel system, and searched for the origin of the air for breathing, but without success. Our Former Masters constructed the underground dwellings according to their own plans and laws that remained unknown to us. From here they ruled over their vast empire, an empire of 362 million people, as it is written in the Chronicle of Akakor:

"And the Gods ruled from Akakor. They ruled over men and the earth. They had ships faster than birds' flight, ships that reached their goal without sails or oars and by night as well as by day. They had magic stones to look into the distance so that they could see cities, rivers, hills, and lakes. Whatever happened on earth or in the sky was reflected in the stones. But the underground dwellings were the most wonderful of all. And the Gods gave them to their Chosen Servants as their last gift. For the Former

The Chronicle of Akakor

Masters are of the same blood and have the same father."



Ground plan of Akakor: 1 temple, 2 princes palace, 3 bodyguard and state officials, 4 soldiers, 5 school, 6 priests, 7 servants, 8 citizens, 9 fields

For thousands of years, the subterranean dwellings have protected the Ugha Mongulala from their enemies and withstood two catastrophes. The attacks of the savage tribes broke against their gates. In the interior, the last of my people are awaiting the coming of the White Barbarians who are advancing up the Great River in countless numbers like ants. Our priests have prophesied that they will ultimately discover Akakor and find in it their own mirror image. Then the circle will be closed.

2. THE HOUR ZERO 10,481 B.C.—10,468 B.C.

The old Indian epic *Mahabhhrata* relates how Gods and titans struggled for rule of the earth. According to Plato, the legendary empire of Atlantis reached its peak in this period. The German-Bolivian scientist Posnansky believes in the existence of an enormous empire in the region of the Bolivian city of ruins, Tiahuanaco. According to historians and ethnologists, the main racial divisions of *Homo sapiens* of the last ice age developed around 13,000 B.C.: Mongoloids in Asia, Negroids in Africa, Caucasoids in Europe. The main settlements on the European continent are in the coastal regions. Archaeological

findings in Altamira and Amazonia confirmed the existence of humans on the South American continent for the first time.

The Departure of the Former Masters

The history of my people, written down in the Chronicle of Akakor, draws to its close. The priests say that time will soon run out; we have only a few more months left. Then the destiny of the Ugha Mongulala will be fulfilled. And when I see the despair and the misery of my people, I cannot help but believe in these prophecies. The White Barbarians are penetrating ever deeper into our territory. They come from the east and from the west like fire in a strong wind, and they spread a cloak of darkness over the country to gain possession of it. But if the White Barbarians would only think, they would realize we cannot take anything that does not belong to us. Then they

would understand that the Gods gave all of us a great mansion to share and enjoy. But the White Barbarians want to have everything for themselves, for themselves alone. Their hearts are not moved even when they perform the most terrible acts. Therefore we Indians can do nothing but withdraw and hope that our Former Masters may return, as it is written in the chronicle, in good words, in clear script:

"On the day the Gods left the earth they called for ma. They left their bequest with their most trusted servant: "Ina, we are going home. We have taught you wisdom and have given you good counsel. We return to our own kind. We are going home. Our work is done. Our days are completed. Keep us in your memory and do not forget us. For we are brothers of the same blood and have the same father. We shall come back when you are threatened. But now take the Chosen Tribes. Lead them into the underground dwellings to protect them from the coming catastrophe." Those were their words. This is how they spoke when they said farewell. And Ina saw how their ships took them to the skies with fire and thunder. They disappeared over the mountains of Akakor, and only Ina saw their departure. But the Gods left behind their knowledge and wisdom. They were venerated as holy. They were a sign to the Ancient Fathers. And Ina summoned the elders of the people to a council and he told them about the Gods' last instruction. And he ordered a new reckoning of time to commemorate the departure of the Former Masters. This is the written history of the Chosen Servants, the Chronicle of Akakor."

In the hour zero (10,481 B.C. according to the calendar of the White Barbarians) the Gods left the earth. They gave the sign for a new chapter in the history of my people. But at that time not even ma, their most trusted servant and the first prince of the Ugha Mongulala, was aware of the terrible coming events. The Chosen People were distressed about the departure of the Former Masters and overwhelmed by discouragement.

"Only the image of the Gods remained in the hearts of the Chosen Servants. With burning eyes they gazed into the sky, but the golden ships did not return. The skies were empty—no breeze, no sound. Heaven remained empty."

The Language of the Gods

In the language of the White Barbarians, Ugha means "allied," "joined"; Mongu means "chosen," "exalted"; and Lala means "tribes." The Ugha Mongulala are the Allied Chosen Tribes. A new era started for them after the departure of the Former Masters. No longer did superior Gods rule over their empire whose borders were many moons apart. The Ugha Mongulala now ruled between the two oceans, along the Great River, to the low hills in the north and far into the expanse of plains in the south. The 2 million comprising the Chosen Tribes governed an empire of 362 million people, since the Former Masters had subdued the other tribes over the course of centuries. The Ugha Mongulala ruled over twenty-six cities, over mighty border fortifications, and over the subterranean dwellings of the Gods. Only three temple complexes—Salazere, Manoa, and Tiahuanaco—remained outside their jurisdiction by explicit instruction of the Ancient Fathers. Ina, the first prince of the Ugha Mongulala, was faced with enormous tasks.

I know only a few details about the period following the departure of the Former Masters. The first

Great Catastrophe lies like a pall over the events of the first thirteen years in the history of my people. According to the priests, ma ruled over the largest empire that has ever existed on earth. It was headed by the Ugha Mongulala, who made sure the laws were obeyed. Their warriors protected the frontiers from the raids of savage tribes. Three hundred sixty million allies owed them allegiance, but after the first Great Catastrophe they rebelled against the rule of the Ugha Mongulala. They rejected the bequest of the Gods and soon forgot their language and their script. They became degenerate.

Quechua, as the White Barbarians call our language, consists of simple and good words that suffice to describe all mysteries of nature. Not even the Incas know the script of the Gods. There are 1,400 symbols, which yield different meanings according to their sequence. The most important signs are those for life and death, depicted by bread and water. All entries in the chronicle begin and end with these symbols. After the arrival of the German soldiers in 1942, according to the calendar of the White Barbarians, the

priests started recording the events in the script of the Allied Tribes as well. Language, service for the commonwealth, veneration of the aged, and respect for the prince are the most important things documented from the years before the first Great Catastrophe. They are evidence of the fact that in the 10,000 years of its history my people had only one aim: to preserve the bequest of the Former Masters.

Ominous Signs in the Sky

"There were strange signs in the sky. Twilight covered the face of the earth. The sun still shone, but there were gray mists, big and powerful, that began obscuring the daylight. Strange signs stood in the sky. The stars were like dull stones. A poisonous haze drifted over the hills. Evil-smelling fire hung in the trees. A red sun and a black path crossed each other. Black, red, all four corners of the world were red."

The first Great Catastrophe changed the life of my people and the face of the world. Nobody can imagine what happened at that time, thirteen years after the departure of the Former Masters. The catastrophe was enormous, and our chronicle reports it with terror.

"The Chosen Servants were fearful and terrified. They no longer saw the sun, the moon, or the stars. Confusion and darkness erupted everywhere. Strange images passed above their heads. Resin dripped from the sky, and by twilight, men were desperate for food. They killed their own brothers. They forgot the testament of the Gods. The era of blood had started."

What happened at that time when the Gods left us? Who was responsible for the catastrophe that threw my people back into darkness for 6,000 years? Once again our priests can interpret the devastating events. They say that in the period before the hour zero, there also existed another nation of Gods that was hostile to our Former Masters. According to the images in the Great Temple of the Sun in Akakor, the strange creatures resembled men. They were very hairy and had reddish skin. Like men, they had five fingers and five toes. But out of their shoulders grew the heads of serpents, tigers, falcons, and other animals. Our priests say that these Gods also ruled over an enormous empire. They too possessed knowledge which made them superior to men and equals of our Former Masters. The two races of Gods, which are represented in the images of the Great Temple of the Sun in Akakor, began to quarrel. They burned the world with solar heat, and each tried to wrest power from the other. A tremendous war between planets started, which drove my people to perdition. Yet for the first time, the providence of the Gods saved the Ugha Mongulala. Recalling the last words

of our Former Masters announcing the catastrophe, Ina commanded the withdrawal into the underground dwellings.

"The elders of the people assembled. They obeyed Ina's command. "How can we protect ourselves? The signs are full of menace," they said. "Let us follow the Gods' command and move into the underground shelter. Are our ideas not sufficient for a whole nation? Not one, not two of us should be missing." So they spoke. So they decided. And the multitude assembled. They crossed the waters. They descended the ravine and crossed it. They came to the end, where the four roads cross in the dwellings of the Former Masters, protected in the interior of the mountains."

This is the tale told by the Chronicle of Akakor. And thus Ina's command was executed. With confidence in the promise of the Former Masters, the people of the Ugha Mongulala moved into lower Akakor for protection against the impending catastrophe. Here they remained until the earth had quieted, like a bird hiding behind a rock when a storm approaches. The Ugha Mongulala were saved from the catastrophe because they trusted in the Ancient Fathers.

The First Great Catastrophe

The year 13 (10,468 B.C. according to the calendar of the White Barbarians) is a fateful year in the history of my people. After they had withdrawn into the underground dwellings, the earth was visited by the greatest catastrophe in memory. It even exceeded the second Great Catastrophe, 6,000 years later, when the waters of the Great River flowed upstream. The first Great Catastrophe destroyed the empire of our Former Masters and brought death to millions of people.

"This is the account of how men perished. What happened on earth? Who made it tremble? Who made the stars dance? Who made the waters surge forth from the rocks? Numerous were the scourges visited on man. He was subjected to various ordeals. It was terribly cold, and an icy wind blew over the earth. It was terribly hot, and people were burned by their own breath. Men and animals fled in panic. Desperately they ran hither and thither. They tried to climb the trees, but the trees rejected them. They tried to reach the caves, yet the caves crumbled and buried them. The bottom was flung to the top, and the top sank into the depths. The sound and fury of the Gods would not finish. Even the underground shelters began to tremble."

The first mention of the shape of the continent before the first Great Catastrophe was after the departure of the Former Masters. After that time, it differed considerably from its present shape. It was much colder, and rain fell regularly. Periods of drought and rain were more clearly distinguished. There were no great forests yet. The Great River was smaller and flowed into both oceans. Tributaries linked it with the giant lake where the Gods had erected the temple complex of Tiahuanaco on the southern shore.

The first Great Catastrophe gave the surface of the earth a different shape. The course of the rivers was altered, and the height of the mountains and the strength of the sun changed. Continents were flooded. The waters of the Great Lake flowed back into the oceans. The Great River was rent by a new mountain range, and now it flowed swiftly toward the East. Enormous forests grew on its banks. A humid heat spread over the easterly regions of the empire. In the West, where giant mountains had surged up, people froze

in the bitter cold of the high altitudes. The Great Catastrophe caused terrible devastation, as had been predicted by our Former Masters.

And the same thing will happen in the future catastrophe which our priests have calculated from the course of the stars. For men's history runs in preordained paths: Everything is repeated, everything returns in a circle lasting 6,000 years. Our Former Masters taught us this law. Again, 6,000 years have gone by since the last Great Catastrophe, and it is 6,000 years since our Former Masters left us for the second time. Once again, ominous signs appear in the sky. Animals flee in panic. Wars have broken out. Laws are disregarded and held in contempt. While the White Barbarians, out of sheer arrogance, destroy the link between nature and man, fate approaches fulfillment. The Ugha Mongulala know that the end is near. They know it and are expecting it in resignation. For they believe in the bequest of their Former Masters. With the image of the Gods in their hearts, they follow in their footsteps. They follow those who are of the same blood and have the same father.

3. THE ERA OF DARKNESS 10,468 B.C.—3166 B.C.

The German-Bolivian scientist Posnansky estimates that Tiahuanaco was destroyed around 10,000 B.C. Geologists speak of tremendous changes in climate that might have been caused by a shifting of the

earth's axis. The Neolithic age, starting around 5000 B.C., saw important cultural innovations and added a far-reaching economic upheaval: the transition to farming and to productive economic systems. Neolithic man cultivated wild cereals and bred sheep, goats, and pigs. Large families settled in villages and later on in fortified towns. Between 8,000 and 6,000 B.C., Jericho was considered the preliminary stage for urban high civilizations, although Egyptologists suspect an even older culture in the Nile valley. Archaeological findings in Eridu and Uruk point to the first sacred buildings. The earliest clay tablets with writing were found. Word and phonetic signs replaced the primitive pictorial script. Considerable care for the dead can be observed in all civilizations. Several floods and catastrophic volcanic eruptions, probably around 3000 B.C., are described in the Bible as the Great Flood. South America continues to be settled by waves of immigrants from Asia.

The Collapse of the Empire

Truly, the White Barbarians are a mighty people. They rule the sky and the earth and are at the same time bird, worm, and horse. They think they are seeing the light, but nevertheless they live in darkness and are evil. And the worst part is that they deny their own God and themselves strive to be God and to make us believe that they are the rulers of the world. But the Gods are still greater and more powerful than all the White Barbarians together. They still decide who of us should die and when. Still, sun, water, and fire serve them first. For the Gods do not allow their secrets to be taken from them. Our priests say they will send a judgment that will free the White Barbarians from the burden of their errors. Long and continuous rain will fall and wash away the darkness in their hearts. The waters will rise higher and higher and carry away their wickedness and their lust for power and wealth. Just as it happened already once thousands of years ago and as it is set down in the chronicle, in good words, in clear script:

"Three moons passed, three times three moons. Then the waters divided. The earth quieted again. Streams found different courses. They lost themselves among the hills. High mountains surged toward the sun. The earth was changed when the Chosen Servants left the underground dwellings, and their sorrow was great. They lifted their faces to the sky. Their eyes searched for the plains and the hills, the rivers and lakes. The truth was terrible; the destruction was awful. And Ina called a Council of the Elders. The Chosen Tribes gathered gifts: jewelry, and the honey of bees, and incense. And they sacrificed these to bring the Gods back to earth. But the sky remained empty. The era of the jaguar began: the time of blood when everything was destroyed. Thus the link between the Former Masters and their servants was severed. And a new life started."

The years of blood, the period between the year 13 and the year 7315, are the darkest epoch in the history of my people. The Chronicle of Akakor does not report these events. For thousands of years, there are no entries at all. Oral records are also poor and interspersed by dark prophecies.

"It was a terrible era. The savage jaguar came and devoured men's flesh. He crushed the bones of the Chosen Servants. He tore off the heads of their

servants. Darkness dwelt over the land."

After the first Great Catastrophe, the empire was in a desperate situation. The underground dwellings of the Former Masters did withstand the tremendous landslides and none of the thirteen cities was destroyed, but many of the passages that linked the borders of the empire were blocked up. Their mysterious light had been extinguished like a candle blown out by the wind. The twenty-six cities were destroyed by a tremendous flood. The sacred temple precincts of Salazere, Tiahuanaco, and Manoa lay in ruins, destroyed by the terrible fury of the Gods. The scouts who had been sent out reported back that only very few of the Allied Tribes had survived the catastrophe. Driven by hunger, they left their old settlements and penetrated into the territory of the Ugha Mongulala, trailing death and perdition behind them. Despair, distress, and misery spread over the whole empire. Bitter fighting broke out over the last fertile regions. The dominion of the Chosen Tribes was at an end.

"This was the beginning of the inglorious end of the empire. Men had lost their reason. They crept through the country on all fours. They trembled in fear and terror. They were downhearted. Their spirit

was confused. They attacked each other like animals. They killed their neighbor and ate his flesh. Truly, the times were awful."

The terrible period between the first and second Great Catastrophes, 10,468 B.C. to 3166 B.C. according to the calendar of the White Barbarians, brought my people to the brink of extinction. Degenerate tribes who had been allies of the Ugha Mongulala before the first Great Catastrophe founded their own empires. They defeated the armies of the Ugha Mongulala and drove them back to the gates of Akakor in our year 4130.

"The Tribes of the Degenerated formed an alliance. They said: "How can we deal with our former rulers? Truly, they are still powerful." So they called a council. "Let us lay an ambush. We will kill them. Are we not in great numbers? Are we not more than enough to vanquish them?" And all the tribes armed themselves. They gathered in large numbers. The mass of their warriors stretched further than the eye could see. They wanted to storm Akakor. They marched in formation to kill Uma the prince. But the

Chosen Servants had prepared themselves. They stood on the top of the mountain. The name of the mountain where they stood is Akai. All Chosen Tribes had gathered around Uma when the Degenerated approached. They came yelling, with bows and arrows. They chanted war songs. They howled and whistled through their fingers. And so they stormed Akakor."

At this point, the Chronicle of Akakor breaks off. Our priests relate that the Ugha Mongulala lost the battle and Uma was killed. The survivors withdrew into the underground dwellings. The defeat at the mountain of destiny Akai represents the low point in the misfortune of my people. Like the White Barbarians who deny the Gods and consider themselves above all laws, the Ugha Mongulala drifted further and further into humiliation. Confused by this incomprehensible event, they began to worship trees and rocks, even to sacrifice animals and humans. Then they committed the most shameful crime in the 10,000 years of my people's history.

And this is how it happened: When Uma was killed in the battle against the Degenerated Tribes, the high priest refused his son Hanan entry to the secret precincts of the Gods. He banished him and usurped the power. Against the laws of the Gods and without the respect due to the Ancient Fathers, he began to rule the people as he himself saw fit. This was the peak of the era of blood, the period when the savage jaguar was master.

Why did my people suffer these crimes? Why did the elders tolerate the misdeeds of the high priest? There is only one explanation. After the departure of the Gods, only certain people were aware of their Former Masters' wisdom. The priests no longer passed on their knowledge. They taught the truths of the Ancient Fathers only to their closest confidants. Their power grew greater as the sacred bequest disappeared. Soon they alone felt responsible for the events on earth and in the sky. For thousands of years, the priests ruled omnipotently over the Ugha Mongulala. That is what our ancestors report. And it must be true because only truth is retained in man's memory through the ages.

The Second Great Catastrophe

"Terrible is the tale. Terrible is the truth. The Chosen Servants were still living in the dwellings of the Gods—one hundred years, one thousand years. The sacred bequest had been forgotten. Its script had become illegible. Their servants had betrayed the covenant with the Gods. They lived beyond all bounds, like animals in the forest. They walked on all fours. Crimes were committed in the light of day. And the Gods were grieved. Their hearts were filled with sorrow for the wickedness of man. And they said: "We will punish the people. We will eradicate them from earth—man and cattle, the worms, and the birds in the sky—because they have rejected our bequest." And the Gods began to destroy the people. They sent a powerful star whose red trail covered the whole sky. And they sent fire brighter than a thousand suns. The great judgment began. For thirteen moons, the rains fell. The waters of the oceans rose. The rivers flowed backward. The Great River changed into an enormous lake. And the people were destroyed. They drowned in the terrible flood."

The Ugha Mongulala survived the second Great Catastrophe in the history of mankind. Protected in the underground dwellings of their Former Masters, they observed the destruction of the earth with awe. Whereas the Chosen Servants knew they were innocent of the first Great Catastrophe, they now held each other responsible for the second terrible event. Quarrels and fighting broke out. A civil war began in lower Akakor which would have led to my people's extinction if an event had not occurred that had long since been predicted by the priests. When the need was greatest, the Former Masters returned.

And their return starts a new chapter in the history of the Ugha Mongulala, the second book in the Chronicle of Akakor. The first book finishes with the deeds of Madus, a courageous warrior of the Ugha Mongulala who, even in the most difficult hour, had not lost his faith in the bequest of the Gods, as it is written down in the chronicle:

"Madus dared to take the road up to the earth's surface. Fearing neither storm nor water, he went up. He gazed on the devastated country in awe. He saw no people and no plants-only frightened animals and birds which flew

over the endless expanse of water until they grew tired and dropped to drown in the floods. This Madus saw. And he grew sad and angry at the same time. He tore tree stumps out of the flooded ground. He gathered driftwood. He built a raft to help the animals. He took a pair of each: two jaguars, two serpents, two tapirs, two falcons. And the rising waters drove his raft higher and higher, up the mountains to the top of Mount Akai, the mountain of destiny of the Chosen Tribes. Here Madus let the animals land and the birds take to the air. And when, after thirteen moons, the waters receded again and the sun dispersed the clouds, he returned to Akakor and told about the end of the terrible era of blood."

THE BOOK OF THE EAGLE

This is the eagle. Mighty are his wings and powerful his claws. His eye glances imperiously over the land. He is above man. He cannot be vanquished or killed. For thirteen days he rises into the sky, and for thirteen days he flies to meet the rising sun. Truly, he is sublime.

1. THE RETURN OF THE GODS 3166 B.C.—2981 B.C.

The Mayan calendar begins in 3113 B.C. and ends on A.D. December 24, 2011. Traditional historiography places the beginning of historical events around 3000 B.C. The period up to the Germanic migrations (A.D. 375) is antiquity, beginning with the rise of the high civilizations in the river oases of the lower Nile and between the Euphrates and Tigris where man develops into historical existence. The high points in Oriental history are marked by large empires ruled by forceful, aggressive monarchs. Spiritual life is restricted to organized religion. The Orient is the cradle of writing, the civil service, and an astonishingly efficient technology. In the meantime, man in Europe and Asia remains on the Neolithic level. Different dates are suggested for the beginning of American civilizations. The British explorer Niven estimates that the first urban settlements by the ancestors of the Aztecs were founded around 3500 B.C. According to the Peruvian archaeologist Daniel Ruiz, the mysterious city of ruins, Machu Picchu, in the high Andes, was founded prior to the worldwide catastrophe that is described as the Flood in the Bible. Traditional historiography rejects both dates.

Lhasa, the Exalted Son of the Gods

The Chronicle of Akakor, the written history of my people from the hour zero to the year 12,453, is our greatest treasure. It contains all the wisdom of the Ugha Mongulala written in the age-old script of our

Ancient Fathers. It records the bequest of the Former Masters which shaped the lives of my people for more than 10,000 years. It contains the secrets of the Chosen Tribes, and it also corrects the history of the White Barbarians. For the Chronicle of Akakor describes the rise and the decline of a people

chosen by the Gods to the end of the world, when they will return after a third Great Catastrophe has destroyed the people. Thus it is written. So speak the priests. So it has been put down, in good words, in clear script:

"Twilight still lay on the face of the earth. Sun and moon were veiled. Then ships appeared in the sky, powerful and of golden color. Great was the joy of the Chosen Servants. Their Former Masters were returning. They came down to earth with shining faces. And the Chosen People brought out their gifts: feathers from the large forest bird, bees' honey, incense, and fruit. The Chosen Servants laid these gifts at the feet of the Gods and danced, their faces turned to the East, toward the rising sun. They danced with tears of joy in their eyes for the return of the Former Masters. And the animals rejoiced as well.

All, to the most humble, arose in the valleys and gazed up at the Ancient Fathers. But there were not many of the people left. The Gods had killed the majority as punishment for their behavior. Only a few people were still alive to salute the Former Masters with all proper respect."

In the year 7315 (3166 B.C.)* the Gods who had so anxiously been awaited by my people returned to earth. The Former Masters of the Chosen Tribes returned to Akakor and assumed power. But only a few ships reached our capital, and the Gods stayed with the Ugha Mongulala for barely three months. Then they again left the earth. Only the brothers Lhasa and Samon did not go back to the home of their Ancient Fathers. Lhasa settled in Akakor; Samon flew to the East and founded his own empire.

*** (Editor's note: The years in parentheses are "according to the calendar of the White Barbarians" or A.D.)**

Lhasa, the Exalted Son of the Gods, assumed power over a devastated empire. Only 20 million out of the 362 million who lived through the Golden Era had survived the second Great Catastrophe. Settlements and towns lay in ruins. Hordes of the Degenerated Tribes advanced across the borders. War ruled throughout the realm. The bequest of the Gods had been forgotten. Lhasa rebuilt the old empire.

As a protection against the advancing hostile tribes, he had large fortresses constructed. At his command, the Ugha Mongulala raised high earth walls alongside the Great River and fortified them with wide wooden palisades. Selected warriors were given the task of guarding the new frontier and warning Akakor of approaching hostile tribes. In the south of the country called Bolivia, Lhasa erected the bases of Mano, Samoa, and Kin. They were made up of thirteen walled buildings following the pattern of our Ancient Fathers' temple complexes. A pyramid with a staircase in front, a sloping roof, and one exterior and one interior vaulted room commanded the surrounding countryside. Lhasa settled Allied Tribes in the neighborhood of the three fortresses. They were under the command of the prince of Akakor and subject to war duty.

For thousands of years, a nation had lived on the western frontiers of the empire with which the Ugha Mongulala had been linked in special amity. This nation, the Incas, knew the language and the script of the Former Masters. Their priests were also aware of the bequest of the Gods. At the end of the second Great Catastrophe, this tribe moved its settlements into mountains of the country called Peru and founded its own empire. Lhasa, concerned about the safety of Akakor, had a fortress constructed on the western border and gave orders for the building of Machu Picchu, a new city of temples in a high valley of the Andes.

"Sweat pearled on the porters' foreheads. The mountains were tinted red with their blood. Therefore, they are called Blood Mountains. But Lhasa gave no reprieve. The nation of the Chosen Servants did penance for the betrayal of its ancestors. And so the days passed. The sun rose and set. Rains came, and the cold. The Chosen Servants' complaints sounded in the air. They chanted about their suffering with pain."

The building of the holy city of Machu Picchu is one of the great events in the history of my people.

The details of its construction are obscured by many secrets eternally hidden in the steeply rising Mountain of the Moon which protects Machu Picchu. According to the tales of the priests, the workers quarried the stones for the houses of the warriors and the dwellings of the priests and their servants from the rocks. An army of laborers carried the granite blocks for

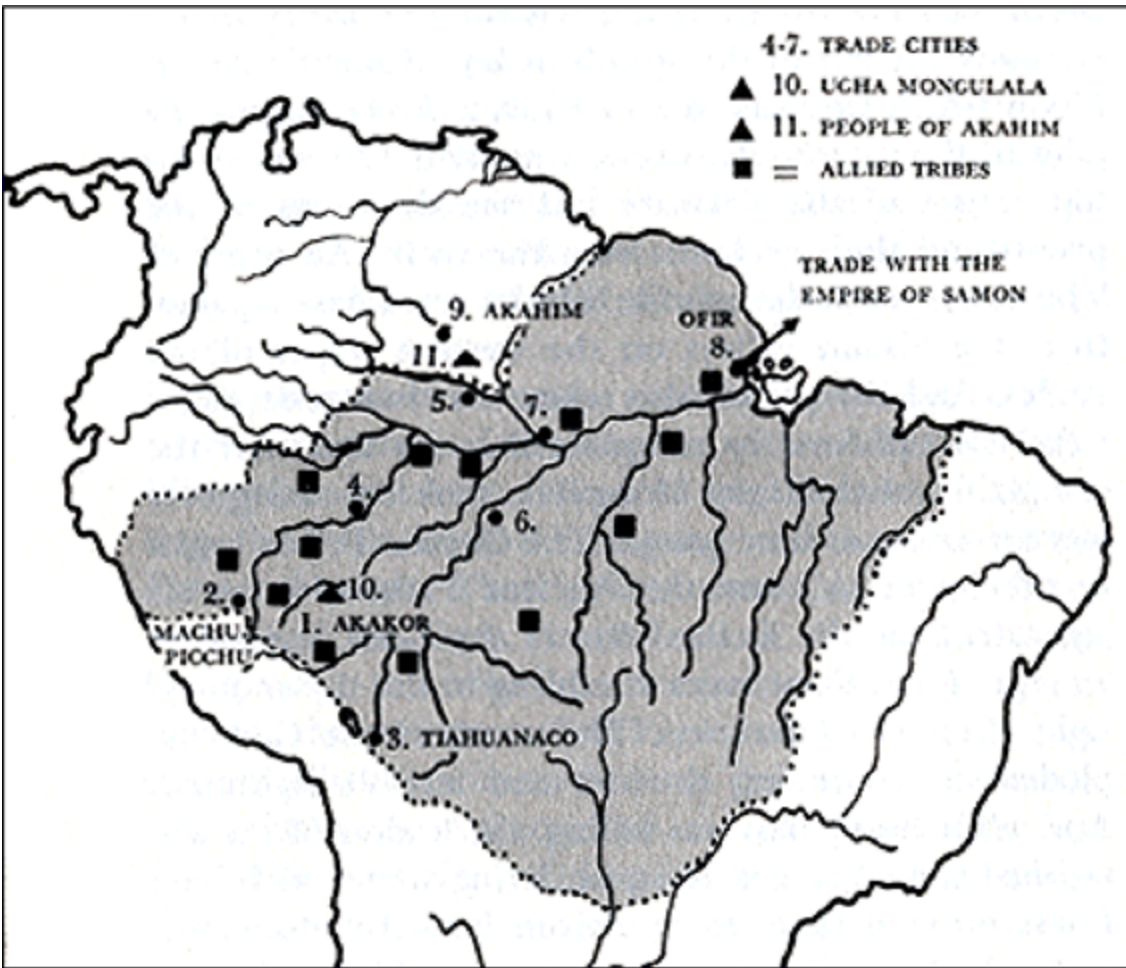
Lhasa's palace from the distant valleys on the western slopes of the Andes. And the priests also relate that two generations were not sufficient to complete the city and that the complaints of the Ugha Mongulala were becoming ever more insistent as time passed. The Chosen Tribes began to rebel and to curse the Ancient Fathers. A revolt against Lhasa, the Exalted Son of the Gods, seemed to emerge. Then there was a rumbling in the sky and daylight changed to darkness. The wrath of the Gods exploded in resounding thunder and terrible lightning. And while heavy rain was falling, the leaders of the dissatisfied were changed to stone, living stones with legs. Lhasa ordered them to be driven into the mountains and walled into the stairs and terraces of Machu Picchu. In this way the rebels were punished. They carried the holy city on their shoulders, imprisoned eternally within the stones.

Machu Picchu is a holy city. Its temples are dedicated to the sun, the moon, the earth, the sea, and the animals. After four generations of men had completed the city, Lhasa moved and from here he led the empire to a period of new flourishing and prestige.

"Under Lhasa, the number of warriors had grown. They felt strong. They were unconcerned about country or family. They only had eyes for arms. Protected by the Gods, they checked the positions of the enemies. They went forth on Lhasa's instructions, for the Exalted Son of the Gods was truly a great prince. He could neither be defeated nor killed. Lhasa was one of the Gods. For thirteen days, he rose into the sky. For thirteen days, he walked to meet the rising sun. For thirteen days, he assumed the shape of a bird and was truly a bird. For thirteen days, he changed into an eagle. He was truly exalted. Everyone cowered before his countenance. His power reached to the borders of the sky, to the borders of the earth. And the tribes bowed down before the divine master."

The Empire of Lhasa, the Exalted Son of the Gods

Lhasa was the decisive innovator of the Ugha Mongulala empire. During the 300 years of his rule, he



laid down the basis for a powerful empire. Then he returned to the Gods. He convened the elders of the people and the highest priests and passed his laws on to them. He ordered the people to live according to the Gods' bequest forever and to obey his commands. Then Lhasa turned to the East and bowed low before the rising sun. Before its rays touched the holy city, he ascended the Mountain of the Moon which looms over Machu Picchu in his flying disk and forever withdrew from the humans. This is what the priests relate about the mysterious departure of the Exalted Son of the Gods, Lhasa, the only prince of the Chosen Tribes who came from the stars.

Samon and the Empire in the East

"Lhasa was often absent with his flying disk. He visited his brother Samon. He flew to the mighty empire in the East. And he took a strange vessel with him that could pass over water and mountains."

The Chronicle of Akakor does not tell much about the empire of Samon, Lhasa's brother, who had descended to earth with the Gods in the year 7315. According to the written history of my people, he settled on a large river beyond the eastern ocean. He chose wandering tribes and taught them his knowledge and wisdom. Under his leadership, they cultivated fields and constructed powerful stone cities. A mighty empire developed, a mirror image of Akakor, constructed according to the same bequest of the Gods, who also determined the lives of the Ugha Mongulala.

Lhasa, the prince of Akakor, regularly visited his brother Samon in his empire and stayed with him in the magnificent temple cities on the great river. To strengthen the link between the two nations, he commanded the construction of Ofir, a powerful harbor city at the mouth of the Great River, in the year 7425 (3056 B.C.). For almost a thousand years, ships from Samon's empire docked here with their valuable cargoes. In exchange for gold and silver they brought scrolls with writing in the language of our Ancient Fathers, and they brought rare woods, finest fabrics, and green stones that were unfamiliar to my people. Soon Ofir had become one of the wealthiest cities of the empire and a target for the savage tribes in the East. They stormed against the city in repeated attacks, raided the ships at anchor, and disrupted the communications with the interior. When the empire disintegrated a thousand years after Lhasa's departure, they succeeded in conquering Ofir in a mighty campaign. They ransacked the city and burned it down. The Ugha Mongulala yielded the coastal provinces at the eastern ocean and withdrew into the interior of the country. And the connection to Samon's empire was severed.

My people have retained only the memory of Samon's empire and his gifts to Lhasa, the written scrolls and the green stones. Our priests have preserved them in the underground temple complex of Akakor, where Lhasa's flying disk and the strange vessel that can pass over mountains and water are also kept. The flying disk has the color of glistening gold and is made of an unknown metal. It is shaped like a clay cylinder, and is as high as two men standing on top of each other and as broad. There is room for two people in the disk. It has neither sails nor oars. But our priests say that Lhasa could fly faster with it than the strongest eagle and could move through the clouds as lightly as a leaf in the wind. The strange vessel is

equally mysterious. Seven long legs carry a large silver-plated bowl. Three legs point to the front, three to the back. They resemble bent bamboo stalks and are mobile; they terminate in rollers as large as water lilies.

These are the last vestiges of the glorious period of Lhasa and Samon. Much water has since flowed into the ocean. The formerly powerful empire, 130 families of the Gods who came to earth, has broken up and men live without hope. But the Gods will return. They will return to help their brothers, the Ugha Mongulala, who are of the same blood and the same father, as it was written in the chronicle:

"This is what Lhasa has predicted. And thus it will happen. New blood links will develop between the empires of Lhasa and Samon. The alliance between their peoples will be renewed, and their descendants will find each other again. Then the Former Masters will return."

Akahim, the Third Fortress

We know of Akahim, the Third Fortress, since the time of Lhasa. This stone city lies in the mountains at

the border in the north between the countries called Venezuela and Brazil. We do not know who built Akahim. We can only guess when this city was erected. It is only mentioned in the chronicle after the return of the Former Masters in the year 7315. Since then, Akakor and Akahim have been linked in close friendship.

I myself have visited the capital of the sister nation of the Chosen Tribes several times. It resembles Akakor, having its stone gate, the Temple of the Sun, the buildings for the prince and the priests. The way to the city is marked by a hewn stone shaped like an outstretched finger. The actual entrance lies hidden behind a big waterfall. Its waters rush down to a depth of 300 meters. I may reveal these secrets because for 400 years Akahim has lain in ruins. After terrible wars against the White Barbarians, the people of Akahim destroyed houses and temples on the surface and retired to the underground dwellings. These dwellings are laid out just like the star constellation of the Gods and are interconnected by long trapezoid-shaped tunnels. Today, only four of the dwellings are still inhabited; the remaining

nine are empty. The formerly powerful Akahim today number barely 5,000 souls.

Akahim and Akakor are linked with each other by a subterranean passage and an enormous mirror device. The tunnel starts in the Great Temple of the Sun in Akakor, continues below the bed of the Great River, and ends in the heart of Akahim. The mirror device extends from the Akai over the range of the Andes to the Roraima Mountains, as the White Barbarians call them. It consists of silver mirrors of the height of a man mounted on large bronze scaffolds. Every month, the priests relay the most important events across the device in a secret sign language. In this way, the sister nation of the Akahim learned for the first time of the arrival of the White Barbarians in the country called Peru.

The Second Fortress and the Third Fortress are the last remnants of the once mighty realm of our Former Masters. They bear witness to a higher knowledge, immeasurable wisdom, and the Gods' secrets which they bequeathed to the Ugha Mongulala in order to preserve the heritage, as it is written in the chronicle, in good words, in clear script:

"This is our highest law. You shall keep our bequest. You shall keep it sacred, wherever you go, where-ever you may build your huts, wherever you find a new home. Do not act according to your own will but follow the will of the Gods. Hear their words in awe and gratitude. For they are great, and immeasurable is their wisdom."

2. THE EMPIRE OF LHASA 2982 B.C.—2470 B.C.

The cultivation of the river valleys of the Nile, the Euphrates, and the Tigris initiated the gradual development of the oldest civilizations in the Orient. Around 3,000 B.C., the Old Kingdom, founded by King Menes, was established in Egypt. This was a centrally administered, admirably structured civil service state. The Pharaoh, the Great House, has absolute power to rule as a divine reincarnation. His most important official action is the construction of a giant stone tomb, the pyramid. The magical statues and reliefs placed in the grave chambers are evidence of the high level of both material and spiritual culture. The well-developed hieroglyphic script, perfected by the priests, describes the glory of the empire. Around 2,500

B.C., Sumerians advanced into Babylonia. In 2,350 B.C., the Semitic King Sargon founded the first great empire known in history. The only data about the historical development on the American continent are supplied by the Spanish historian Fernando Montesinos, who dates the beginning of the Inca Sun Kings' dynasty at the third millennium B.C.

The New Order

There was nothing for a long time, only the earth and the mountains. This is what the Gods taught us.

This is the law of nature. My people are also subject to that law. It is strong enough to trust in the highest law of the world. But what sense has life for us if we do not fight? What sense is there if the White Barbarians want to wipe us out? They have taken away our land and hunt men and animals. Wild cats disappear fast. There are only a few jaguars left which were plentiful some years ago. Once they are extinct we will have to starve. We will be forced to surrender to the White Barbarians. But even that does not satisfy them. They demand that we live according to their customs and laws. But we are free men of the sun and light. We do not wish to burden our hearts with their false beliefs. We do not wish to be like the White Barbarians, who can be happy and joyful even when their brothers are unhappy and sad. Therefore we have no alternative but to pick up the Golden Arrow, to fight, and to die the way Lhasa taught us, the Exalted Son of the Gods who came to found a new empire and to guard the Ugha Mongulala from destruction.

"Lhasa left behind him power and glory. There were decisions and government. Sons were born. Many things happened. And the Chosen People grew more famous when it rebuilt Akakor with mortar and lime. But the Chosen Servants themselves did not work. They built neither fortresses nor dwellings. They left this to the Subject Tribes. They had no need to ask, to command, or to use violence. Everyone gladly obeyed the new masters. And the empire expanded. The power of the Chosen Servants was great. Their laws were valid in all four corners of the empire."

Lhasa restored renown to the Ugha Mongulala. The borders were peaceful and secure. The hostile tribes had been defeated. The Allied Tribes were

subject to military service as the Exalted Son of the Gods had ordained. But Lhasa did not only reestablish the exterior power of the empire; he also renewed the interior order of the realm. Lhasa divided the Ugha Mongulala into ranks and classes and for the first time laid down the bequest of the Gods in written laws. For thousands of years these governed the life of my people. They were only changed and completed after the arrival of the 2,000 German soldiers many centuries later.

"We must divide our tasks." Thus spoke and resolved Lhasa. And thus the ranks were renewed and the classes were distinguished. The prince, the high priest, and the elders of the people—all titles and dignitaries were newly appointed. This was the origin of all ranks and classes. This was the new order of the Exalted Son of the Gods which determined the life of the Ugha Mongulala."

According to Lhasa's written law, the prince is the head of the Ugha Mongulala. He is the highest servant of the gods, the descendant of the Former Masters, and ruler over the Chosen Tribes. The people call him the Exalted because they have chosen him to administer the empire. He is not elected. The office of the prince is hereditary and descends from father to son, who is taught the bequest of the Gods by the priests from the age of eleven onward. They instruct him in the history of the Chosen Tribes and prepare him for his future task with physical and spiritual exercises.

After the death of the prince, his firstborn son is called before the elders. He must prove to them that he is destined to be the highest servant of the Former Masters. After he has passed the test, the high priest sends him into a secret region of the underground dwellings. Here he must remain for thirteen days and discourse with the Gods. If they think he merits inheriting their bequest, the elders present him as the new ruler of the people. If the Gods reject him and he does not return after thirteen days from the underground regions, the priests determine with the help of the stars the correct heir. They calculate the birth of a male child one day and one hour six years ago. The chosen one at this time is taken to Akakor and prepared for his future office.

And this is the way the prince rules over the Chosen Tribes: He is the supreme warlord and the highest administrator of the empire. The warriors

of the Ugha Mongulala are under his orders. The armies of the Allied Tribes also owe him allegiance. He alone decides on peace and war. He appoints the highest civil servants and warlords. Lhasa's venerable laws can only be changed with his approval. For as the legitimate descendant of the Gods the prince is above the law of men and is entitled to overrule the advice of the elders three times.

Three thousand of the best warriors, selected from the most famous families, are under the prince's direct orders. They were the only ones permitted to enter the underground dwellings of the Gods bearing arms. Regular warriors were not permitted to do so under penalty of exile. But the prince's position is not based on his personal power. It rests on his wisdom, his farsightedness, his knowledge, and the bequest of the Gods, as it is written in the Chronicle of Akakor:

"On the peak of the mountains, enthroned high above mortals, the prince ruled. His heart was great. His words were reliable. He knew the secrets of nature. He decided on the fate of the Chosen Tribes. The other tribes were also subject to him. All men bowed before his law."

The prince is the first servant of my people. At his side is the Council of the Elders, consisting of 130 men, corresponding to the number of divine families that settled the earth. The members of the high council have excelled by special knowledge or great deeds in war. The five highest priests and the warlords are also members. The Council of the Elders advises the prince on all important questions; it supervises the execution of the laws, orders the construction of roads, settlements, and cities, and determines the taxes of the Allied Tribes.

The high council meets once a month, according to a prescribed ritual, in the Great Throne Room of the underground dwellings. The five highest priests lead the '30 elders of the people. They take a holy loaf of bread and a bowl of water to a sacred sacrificial stone in the center of the room. In front of this sacred stone, the warlords lay down their arms, symbolically showing their subservience to the almighty Gods. Now the prince enters the room, wrapped in a magnificent cloak of blue feathers. The members of the high council wear white linen cloaks. Only a chain made of small feathers indicates their rank. After the arrival of the prince, the priests intone a song

of praise in honor of the Gods. All those present bow toward the East, toward the rising sun. Then the 130 elders mix with the assembled people. After all applicants have been heard, the elders return to the prince and start their deliberations. The ritual terminates with the announcement of their decisions, which are recorded by selected scribes for all eternity.

The prince and the high council govern the Chosen Tribes. Communication of their orders and regulations is the responsibility of a special class, the civil servants. The selective process is very strict. The best students from the priests' schools all over the country are called to Akakor and instructed by the elders in their future tasks. If the prince thinks them worthy of office, he sends them to one of the 130 provinces of the country. The most important tasks of the civil servants are the supervision of Lhasa's sacred laws and the observance of tribute payments by the Allied Tribes. They inform the high council of events in the most distant parts of the realm, and they are the prince's support in his rule over the Ugha Mongulala.

Since Lhasa's reign, the administration of the empire has been left entirely to the prince, the high council, and the new class of civil servants. The priests have only the prerogative of guarding the bequest of the Gods. So, as to avoid a repetition of the power struggles during the era of blood, Lhasa issued another law. He divided the army and matched every warrior under the priest's command with one of the warlords. The warlords' army protects the country. The priests' army protects the bequest of the Gods, as it is written in the chronicle:

"Thus Lhasa spoke and resolved. For he was wise. He knew the weakness of humans. He broke their ambition with his laws. He determined the future of the Chosen Tribes and their welfare."

Life in the Community

The White Barbarians think only of their own welfare and differentiate strictly between mine and thine. Whenever you see anything in their world—a piece of fruit, or a tree, some water, a small heap of earth—there is always somebody around who claims that it belongs to him. In the language of the Ugha Mongulala, *mine* and *thine* are one word and mean the same thing. My people have no personal possessions or property. The land belongs to all equally. The prince's civil servants allocate a piece of

fertile soil to each family, the size depending on the number of members. Many families are associated in a settlement community, which jointly cultivates and harvests all fields. One third of the harvest belongs to the prince, the second third to the priests; the last third remains in the community.

The average Ugha Mongulala spends his whole life in his village. He enjoys the protection of the prince and at the same time is his servant. He performs his work on the fields under the guidance of the officials. Work begins at the end of the dry season when preparation for sowing starts. The hard dry soil of the fields is loosened with a digging stick, and the seed is placed into the ground. The priest of the community then sacrifices choice fruit from the last harvest in the village temple and asks for the blessing of the Gods. During the subsequent rainy season, the women are busy weaving and dyeing fabrics, while the men go hunting. With bow and arrow, and a long bamboo lance they follow the tracks of the jaguar, tapir, and wild boar. Their prey is cut into pieces; the flesh is coated with honey and buried deep in the ground for storage. This way it stays fresh till the next dry season. The animal skins are tanned and worked by the women into sandals and boots. At harvest time, families with baskets and jugs go out to the fields and gather the fruits. Corn and potatoes are put away in large storage buildings and later taken to Akakor in accordance with the prescribed division of goods.

Since the White Barbarians have advanced ever further, the fertile soil in the valleys of the Andes and on the upper reaches of the Great River has become scarce. Therefore my people started constructing terraces on the

slopes and on the hills which are irrigated by a dense system of canals. Cleverly staggered protective walls prevent the fertile soil from being washed away. All larger settlements have big cisterns, and underground canals carry the water to the fields. This is how my people provide for food in the plains and on the mountains, in the way Lhasa ordered and the way it is written down in the chronicle:

"Now we will tell about the deeds on the fields where the Chosen Servants have assembled. They gather the fruit of the earth. Jointly they harvest corn and potatoes, bees' honey, and rosin. For the yield belongs to all, and the soil is everybody's property. This is how Lhasa arranged it so that there would be no differences and no hunger. And the earth granted abundance. The people enjoyed growth and life. There was more than enough food in the whole land, in the plains, and in the forests, along the rivers, and in the wilderness of lianas."

My people make a great number of beautifully crafted objects for daily use. Women weave the finest fabrics from the wool of the mountain sheep. They use vegetable and tree juices unknown to the White Barbarians to dye the cloths and fashion them into simple but beautiful garments. In the plains and in the forests on the Great River we wear only a loincloth which is supported by a colored woolen belt. We guard against the cold of the mountains with a cloak made from coarse wool. Ornaments are used only on special holidays. The women weave colored threads into their hair, corresponding to the respective colors of the community settlement. Men paint themselves with the four tribal colors of the Ugha Mongulala: white, blue, red, and yellow. Only the upper classes—officials, priests, and the members of the high council—wear a ruff of colored feathers. As a particular sign of their high office, the prince and the elders of the people wear tattoo marks on their chests.

As with all people on the Great River, daily requirements of the Ugha Mongulala are modest. The basic food is potatoes, corn, as well as tubers and roots of several plants. Potatoes are baked; the meat is fried on an open hearth in the anteroom of the house. We drink water and fermented corn juice with all our meals. We use wooden spoons and bronze knives for eating. There are neither tables nor chairs in the rectangular stone huts. The

family kneels on the loam floor during meals, and at night they sleep on hewn stone benches. My people learned about the use of grass-filled mattresses only from the German soldiers. Bronze hooks are sunk into the interior walls of the houses. Woolen cloths are hung over the entrance during the night. Food is stored in large clay jugs which have been fashioned from the red earth of the mountains. They are lowered on long ropes into the interior of extinct volcanoes to dry and afterward decorated with beautiful designs picturing scenes from the history of the Ugha Mongulala.

But they cannot be compared with the objects of our Former Masters. We have no tools as they did

which, as if by magic, suspend the heaviest stones, fling lightning, or melt rocks. The Gods have not divulged these secrets to us. In their bequest, only the laws of nature are reflected. But nature does not know the passage of time nor development nor progress. The eternal circle of life determines all being—plants, animals, and humans—as it is written in the Chronicle of Akakor:

"Everything exists and passes away. Thus speak the Gods. And so they taught the Chosen Tribes. All men are subject to their laws, for there is an inner relation between the sky above and the earth below."

My people have submitted to the will of the Gods. This is obvious in all aspects of life, also within the family. Every Ugha Mongulala must do his duty toward the community. He starts his own family at the early age of eighteen. If a young man takes a liking to a girl, he lives with her for three months in the house of his parents. During this period of testing, he is not permitted any intimacy. If he still wants to marry her after the three months have passed, the priest declares their marriage. They exchange sandals as a sign of mutual faithfulness in the presence of all members of the settlement community.

According to Lhasa's laws, one family is allowed two children. After that, the woman is given a drug by the high priest that makes her sterile. In this way, the Exalted Son of the Gods in his wisdom prevented misery and starvation. My people do not believe in divorce. If man and wife insist, they

may again live separately, but under penalty of exile new marriages are prohibited. For only those who know only one man or one woman can be truly happy.

"You have committed a sorry deed. Woe be upon you. Oh, that the Gods had shown you the light! What have you done? Why have you disregarded the laws of the Ancient Fathers? You are guilty." Thus the high priest spoke to Hama. And Hama, who had rejected his wife and taken a new young girl, admitted his trespass. His heart was seized with anguish and terror. He wept bitter tears. But the high priest would not be moved. "Neither death nor imprisonment has been reserved for you, Hama. You have broken our most sacred law. You will be sent into exile. This is our judgment." And Hama, who had cast off his wife, was now cast off himself. He lived beyond the border as a Degenerate. Nobody cared for his hut any more. He roamed through the mountains. He ate the bark of trees and lichen, bitter lichen growing on the rocks. He knew no good food. And there were never any women with him."

The Glory of the Gods

One hundred and thirty families of the Gods came to earth and selected the tribes. They made the Ugha Mongulala their Chosen Servants and after their departure bequeathed their enormous empire to them. With the first Great Catastrophe, the Gods' empire disintegrated. The Allied Tribes left their old territories and lived according to their own laws. Then Lhasa reestablished the empire in its former glory and power. He subdued the Degenerated who had rebelled against Akakor and integrated many savage tribes into his new developing empire. To safeguard unity, he obliged them to speak the language of the Ugha Mongulala and to assume new names. He gave names to the Allied Tribes in the provinces and in the surroundings of Akakor: the Tribe that Lives on the Water, the Tribe of Serpent Eaters, the Tribe of the Wanderers, the Tribe of Refuse Eaters, the Tribe of Demons-Terror, and the Tribe of Evil Spirits. He also bestowed names on the people who lived in the forests on the Great River: the Tribe of Black Hearts, the Tribe of the Great Voice, the Tribe Where Rain Falls, the Tribe that Lives in the Trees, the Tribe of Tapir Killers, the Tribe of Distorted Faces, and the Tribe of the Glory that Grows. The savage tribes outside the empire were excluded from his honor.

With the arrival of the White Barbarians 500 years ago, Lhasa's old order was destroyed. The majority of the Allied Tribes betrayed the teaching of the Ancient Fathers and began to worship the sign of the cross. Today, only the Ugha Mongulala live according to the bequest of the Gods. Our beliefs differ fundamentally from the false faith of the White Barbarians who worship property, wealth, and power and consider no sacrifice too great to obtain slightly more than the next man. But our Gods' testament teaches us how to live and how to die. It points the way to a life after death. It teaches how the body is created, how it passes away, and how it is constantly changed by food. For this reason, it cannot represent our real life. Our senses depend on our body and are carried by it like the flame of a candle.

When the candle is extinguished, feelings also become extinct. Therefore they as well cannot mean our real life. For our body and our senses are subject to time; their character consists of change. And death is the complete change. Our heritage teaches us that death destroys something we

can in fact do without. The real I, the kernel of humans, life, is outside of time. It is immortal. After the death of the body it returns from whence it came. Just as the flame uses the candle, the I uses man to make his life manifest. After death, it returns into nothingness, to the beginning of time, the first beginning of the world. Man is part of a great incomprehensible cosmic happening that runs smoothly and is ruled by an eternal law. Our Former Masters knew this law.

In this manner, the Gods taught us the secret of the second life. They showed us that the death of the body is insignificant and that only the immortality of life counts, detached from time and matter. In the ceremonies in the Great Temple of the Sun we thank the light for a new day and sacrifice bees' honey, incense, and choice fruit, as it is written in the chronicle:

"And now we will speak of the temple, called the Great Temple of the Sun. It bears this name in honor of the Gods. Here the prince and the priests assembled. The people burned incense. The prince sacrificed the blue feathers of the forest bird—these were the signs for the Gods. In this way, the Chosen Servants did homage to their Ancient Fathers who are of the same blood and have the same father."

The knowledge of our Former Masters was vast. They knew the course of the sun and divided the year. The names they gave the thirteen moons are Unaga, Mena, Lano, Ceros, Mens, Laime, Gisho, Manga, Klemnu, Tin, Memos, Denama, and Ilashi. Two moons of twenty days each are followed by a double moon. Five spare days at the end of the year are dedicated to the veneration of our Gods. Then we celebrate our most sacred holiday, the solstice, when the renewal of nature begins. The Ugha Mongulala assemble on the mountains around Akakor and salute the new year. The high priest bows down before the golden disk in the Great Temple of the Sun and divines the immediate future, as the laws of the Gods prescribe.

The bequest of the Ancient Fathers determines the lives of the Ugha Mongulala from birth to death. They attend the priests' schools from the age of six to eighteen. There they learn the laws of the community, of warfare, of hunting wild animals, and of cultivating the fields. Girls are instructed in weaving, preparing food, and field work. But the most

important task of the priests' schools is the revelation and explanation of the bequest. Youthful Ugha Mongulala learn the holy signs of the Gods and how to live and die. In their eighteenth year, the men must pass a test of courage. Each one must fight against a savage animal on the Great River, for only he who has faced death can understand life. Only then can he become worthy of being accepted in the community of the Chosen Servants. He is permitted to assume a name and to start a family. After his death, his family severs the head and burns the body. The priest shows the head to the rising sun as a sign that the departed has fulfilled his duties toward the community. Then the head is preserved in one of the grave niches of the Great Temple of the Sun, as it is written in the chronicle, in good words, in clear script:

"Thus the living sacrificed for the dead. They gathered in the Great Temple of the Sun. The mourners stood before the eye of the Gods. They offered rosin and magic herbs. And the high priest spoke: "Verily, we thank the Gods. They gave us two lives. Excellent is their order in heaven and on earth."

3. APOTHEOSIS AND DECLINE OF THE EMPIRE 2,470 B.C. - 1,421 B.C.

In Egypt, the Old Kingdom ended around 2,150 B.C. At approximately the same time, Babylon was destroyed by an invasion of mountain tribes. The empire of Sumer and Akkad was established about

2,000 B.C. Political unity under King Hammurabi reached an even higher level of art and civilization His code provided the basis for the subsequent law of the Roman Empire. Starting about 2,000 B.C.

Indo-Germanic tribes began to spread across Europe. All state structures of the Old World were given a new image by the war-chariot fighters. While the powerful Egyptian New Kingdom of Thotmes extended its international relations as far as Crete, the Bronze Age flourished in Europe and led to the development of highly differentiated civilizations. In the New World records of historical events began with the Chavin nations in Peru around 900 B.C. Nothing was known at this time about the Amazon Indians.

The Empire at the Height of Its Power

My people's land is vast. This country was formerly inhabited only by the Ugha Mongulala and savage tribes, among them many powerful nations on the Great River. Since the arrival of the White Barbarians, one tribe after another became extinct. If a community defended itself, its men were murdered and its women and children treated like animals. This is written in our chronicle, not in that of the White Barbarians. The White Barbarians report history wrongly. They have said much that is not true. They have only told about their own heroic deeds and the stupidity of the "savages." But the White Barbarians are forever lying and deceiving each other. By breaking all laws of nature, they make themselves believe that they will create a new and better world. But according to our Gods' bequest, the earth was created with the help of the sun. Earth, land, and my people belong to each other. They are inseparably linked together, as Lhasa taught us, and as it is written in the Chronicle of Akakor:

"The Chosen Servants did not govern with a light hand. They did not give away the sacrificial gifts.

They themselves ate and drank them. They attained great power and received much tribute: gold, silver, bees' honey, fruit, and meat. These were the tribute of the subject tribes. It all came before the prince, the ruler of Akakor."

In the eighth millennium (2500 B.C.) the empire of Akakor reached the highest point of its power. Two million warriors commanded the plains on the Great River, the vast forest regions of the Mato Grosso, and the fertile eastern slopes of the Andes. Two hundred and forty-three million people lived according to the laws of the Exalted Son of the Gods, Lhasa. But at the point when the empire had reached its peak, it started to decline. First, changes appeared that placed Akakor again on the defensive. Savage tribes now numbered in the thousands. The land was hardly capable of feeding so many people. Driven by hunger, they repeatedly invaded the territories of the empire. And the Allied Tribes as well began to rebel against the predominance of the Ugha Mongulala. New strong nations arose that Akakor found hard to vanquish.

"They moved out at the command of the high council. They went to the Great Lake in the mountains, and they also occupied the country around it. They were scouts and warriors and accompanied by the runner with the Golden Arrow. They had been sent out to observe the enemies of Akakor and to defeat them. Together, the warriors of the Chosen Tribes went to war, and they took many prisoners. For the Allied Tribes rejected the Gods' bequest. They had given themselves their own laws. They lived according to their own rules. But the warriors of the Chosen Servants were courageous. They defeated the foe and left him bleeding."

For thousands of years, the armies of the Ugha Mongulala had been far superior to the warriors of the rebellious tribes because they were carefully trained and went into battle in accordance with plans devised by Lhasa. One hundred thousand warriors were under the command of the warlord, the Hundredthousand-Men-Leader. Ten thousand men were led by a captain or Tenthousand-Men-Leader. The Thousand-Men-Leaders and Hundred-Men-Leaders went in advance of the army and gave the signal for attack. After a successful battle, they captured prisoners and divided the booty. If the fight appeared to be lost, the Ugha Mongulala withdrew under cover of darkness into prepared positions.

Only in the rarest cases did the prince accompany the armies. Selected runners kept him in touch with the warriors so that he could go to their assistance with his palace guard in cases of emergency. When the White Barbarians came, my people relinquished this order of battle. Even an enormous army could not resist the invisible arrows of the new enemy. The time of great campaigns had passed.

Today, we only have a standing army of 10,000 warriors, all trained for individual combat. They are grouped into equal parts and are under the command of the five highest warlords and five highest priests. Each warrior is equipped with bow and arrow, a tall lance with a hardened point, a sling, and a bronze knife. He carries a shield of dense bamboo plaiting as a protection against the enemy's arrows. The army is accompanied by a troop of scouts. The warlords determine the timing of the attacks according to their reports. The declaration of war is decided on by the prince. He also

sends out the runner with the Golden Arrow as a sign of the impending battle.

The greatest campaign before the arrival of the Goths occurred around the year 8500. According to the priests' tales, savage tribes on the northern border of the empire had allied themselves with the Tribe of the Wanderers. Murdering and looting, they advanced as far as the Great River. The Tribe of the Great Voice fled in panic. Maid, the legitimate ruler of the Chosen Tribes, then declared war on the hostile peoples.

As a mighty army from all parts of the empire began to gather, the Ugha Mongulala started making the necessary military equipment. They made bows, arrows, slings, and bamboo lances in the valleys and forests on the Great River. Night and day, the hunters went abroad to kill the needed game for the warriors. The women wove war clothes for their men and sang songs about the heroic deeds of great princes. The entire realm of Maid was seized by a powerful lust for battle. This, in any case, is what the priests report. Finally, after six months, when an army of 300,000 had assembled, Maid, the prince, summoned the elders of the people and the priests. Wearing Lhasa's gold-glistening garment and with the staff of blue, red, yellow, and black feathers, he sent for the runner with the Golden Arrow. When he arrived, all those present bowed low. Maid gave him water and bread, the signs of life and death. Jubilation broke out among the tribes of the Chosen Servants, cries of joy that reached into the four corners of the world and spread fear and terror among the hostile tribes.

Then the great march to the northern border began. For two months, the muted drums resounded and made the earth tremble. And the priests also relate that at the end of the second month the Chosen Tribes met the hostile army. Shouting their war cries, the warriors stormed against each other. The archers shot off their arrows and brought down the vanguard of the enemy. They were followed by the troops of lance bearers who tried to break the enemy's main force. The battle broke off the following night, for, according to the bequest of the Gods, no warrior can enter the second life if he dies during the hours of darkness. But in the early hours of the next morning the fight resumed with doubled intensity. The Ugha Mongulala vanquished the Tribe of the Wanderers in a mighty attack. Their leaders surrendered and

begged for mercy. But Maid would not listen, and no one was spared. Sorrow and joy spread throughout the whole empire at the same time.

The Degenerated Peoples

During the eighth and ninth millennia, the Ugha Mongulala engaged in several campaigns against the rebellious tribes. Maid defeated the Tribe of the Wanderers and repelled the attack of savage tribes on the lower reaches of the Great River. Nimaia expanded the three fortresses Mano, Samoa, and Kin in the country called Bolivia and constructed strong defensive positions in the neighborhood of the destroyed temple precinct of Mano. Other leaders fought other battles: Anau fought against the Tribe of Serpent Eaters and the Tribe of Black Hearts. Ton punished the Tapir Killers for their disobedience and sent scouts to the shore of the eastern ocean. Kohab, a particularly worthy descendant of the Exalted Son of the Gods, Lhasa, defeated the Tribe of Distorted Faces in a bloody battle lasting three days on the upper reaches of the Black River and extended his empire to the country called Colombia. Muda constructed a second defensive belt around Akakor and subterranean stores in the high valleys of the Andes.

But it was Prince Maid who had to fight the most dangerous war. This was the struggle against the Tribe that Lives on the Water, which had founded its own empire in the mountains of Peru after the second Great Catastrophe. In the course of 800 years, its leaders subdued numerous savage peoples and advanced to Machu Picchu. In order to prevent the tribe from attacking Akakor, the high council decided to subdue it. In a war heavy with losses which lasted three years and in which the Ugha

Mongulala suffered many humiliating defeats, Maid finally vanquished the Tribe that Lives on the Water and took its chieftain prisoner. The danger from the West seemed to have been banished.

"How will this end? More and more people make their own laws, forget the bequest of the Gods, live like animals. Great is the number of the Chosen Servants, but innumerable are the Degenerated. They devastate our fields and kill our sons. They are imperious, and many are the peoples they have subdued."

The rebellious tribes mentioned in the chronicle belonged to the Degenerated. Lhasa had integrated them into the Akakor empire and had

taught them the bequest of the Gods. In the course of millennia they evaded the sovereignty of the Ugha Mongulala and forgot the teaching of the Ancient Fathers.

They lived like savage tribes in straw huts or rectangular reed houses large enough for the whole tribal community. Their settlements are surrounded by a high wooden barrier. They wear no clothes. They are unfamiliar with the loom. But they are very clever in working feathers into headdresses. The Degenerated cultivate the land by burning down the forest. They plant manioc, corn, and potatoes. The hunt is as important to them as tilling the soil. Their bows and arrows are similar to ours, but smaller and lighter. They have adopted the same poison as the Ugha Mongulala. In close combat they use a lance with a sharpened stone point.

Whereas my people venerate the bequest of the Gods, the Degenerated Tribes worship three different divinities: the sun, the moon, and a god of love. For them, the sun is the mother of all life on earth. The moon is the mother of all plants and animals. The god of love protects the tribe and is responsible for the peoples' fertility. If a tribe believes it is unlucky, the magician-priest drives out the evil spirits. The Degenerated also know about the essential I that detaches itself from the body in the moment of death and merges into a second life. They believe that this second life takes place in the underground dwellings of the Former Masters.

Viracocha, the Son of the Sun

The White Barbarians believe they possess the highest knowledge. And they do, in truth, make many things we cannot make, which we will never understand and which are mysteries to us. But the actual highest knowledge of humans has long since disappeared. The knowledge of the White Barbarians is only a relearning and a rediscovery of the Gods' secrets, the ones who have shaped the lives of all peoples on earth. The Chosen Servants have most faithfully preserved the bequest of the Gods, and their knowledge is accordingly greater. The Degenerated Tribes hardly remember the times of their ancestors, and they live in darkness. The bequest of the Gods was never revealed to the savage tribes or the White Barbarians, and like animals, they roam over the country.

Only one people apart from the Ugha Mongulala knows about the laws of the Gods. They are the Incas, a sister nation of the Chosen Tribes. Their history begins in the year 7951 (2470 B.C.). In that year, Viracocha, the secondborn son of Prince Sinkaia, rose up against the bequest of the Gods. He fled to the Tribe that Lives on the Water and founded his own empire.

"And the priests gathered, men powerful in magic. They knew about future wars. Everything was revealed to them; they knew whether war and discord were close. Truly, their knowledge was overpowering. And since they foresaw the betrayal of Viracocha, Sinkaia's second son, they chastised themselves and fasted in the Great Temple of the Sun in Akakor. They ate only three kinds of fruit and small corn cakes. It was really a great fast to the shame of the faithless Viracocha. Nor did any woman join them. For many days they stayed alone in the temple, looking into the future, sacrificing incense and blood. This is how they spent their days, from dawn to dusk, and their nights. They prayed with heavy hearts for forgiveness for the faithless son of Sinkaia."

The priests' prayers could not move the heart of Sinkaia's second son. Although he was not entitled to hold the office of the prince, he claimed sovereignty over the people of the Ugha Mongulala. He rebelled against the bequest of the Gods and broke Lhasa's laws. To preserve peace in the realm, the

high council summoned Viracocha to judgment. In the Great Hall of the Throne the elders of the people considered his guilt. Their judgment pronounced the highest and hardest penalty, and they sent him into exile.

Viracocha, the son of the sun, as he later called himself, is the only descendant of Lhasa's kin who broke the laws of the Gods and had to pay for his crime with exile. That was my people's worst penalty until the arrival of the German soldiers, who insisted on the introduction of the death penalty. For smaller crimes like violence or disobedience, the guilty must publicly justify himself. Laziness is considered a breach of the community laws and is punished by a term of service on dangerous frontiers. Drunkenness is only a crime if the defendant has not fulfilled his tasks because of it. The most heinous crime is theft since my people hold

everything in common and personal property has no significance. Like adulterers, murderers, and rebels, thieves are also sent into exile.

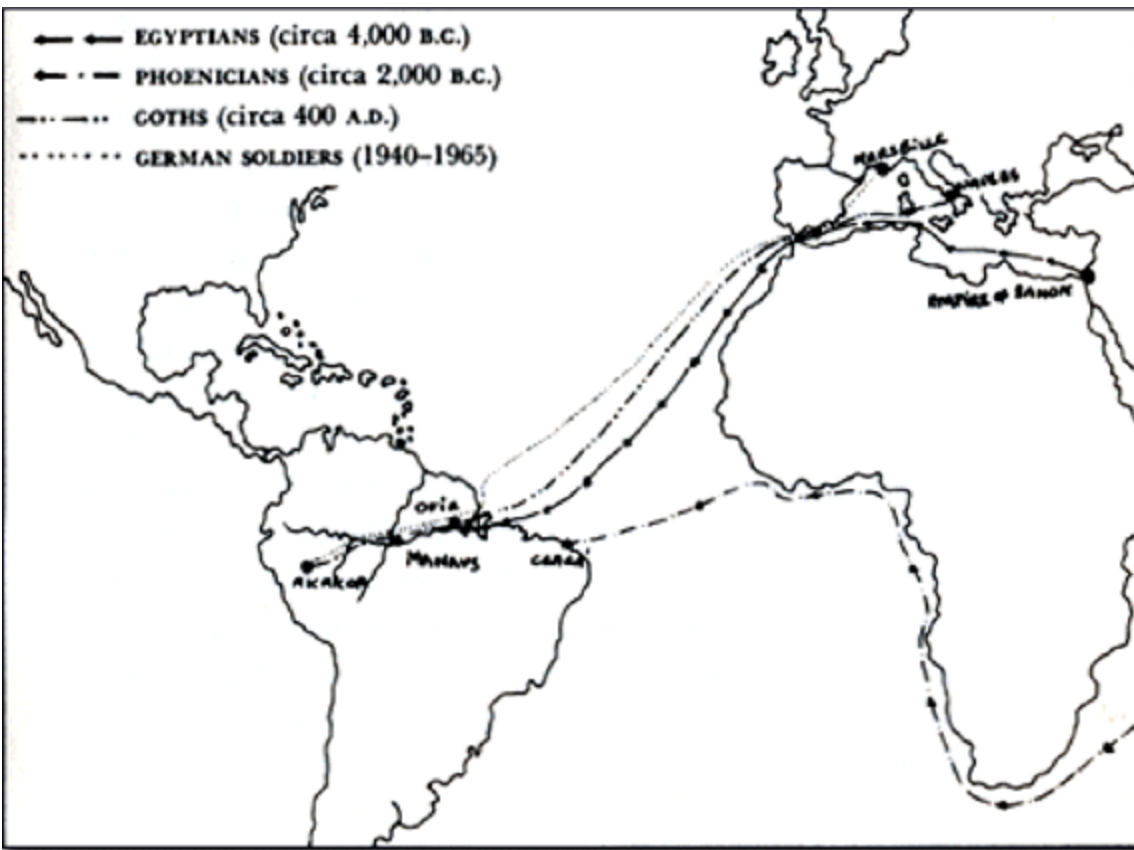
Viracocha the Degenerate did not only infringe on the bequest of the Gods; he also ignored the judgment of the high council. Instead of living alone in the mountains as required by the laws of my people, he fled to the Tribe that Lives on the Water. He led the tribe to a mountain valley in the Andes and built Cuzco, the city of the four world corners, as he called it. A new sister nation was born, the people of the Incas, the sons of the sun. Their empire rose quickly and mightily. Under the leadership of Viracocha and his descendants, they conquered many countries and subdued numerous savage tribes. Their warriors conquered the shores of the western ocean and advanced deep into the liana wilderness of the Great River. They gathered enormous wealth in the capital of the empire and introduced new laws that went against the bequest of the Gods. The Incas even developed their own script. It consists of multicolored cords that are tied in knots. Each knot and each cord has a definite meaning. Several knotted cords together make up a message. In this way they developed their empire founded on idolatry and oppression, and it did not take long for them to mount a campaign of destruction against the Ugha Mongulala.

But it was preordained that Viracocha's descendants rejected the bequest of the Gods. When their power was at its highest, our priests' prediction was fulfilled. A cruel fraternal war broke out that shook the empire to its very foundations. And destruction was completed with the arrival of the White Barbarians.

4. THE WARRIORS FROM THE EAST 1421 B.C.—A.D. 1400

With the collapse of the great empires, the old Oriental world disintegrated into smaller states. Israel was founded around 1,000 B.C. At the same time, a great civilization arose in Greece, and later, another flourished in the Roman city state on the Tiber. The birth of Jesus is assumed to have been in 7 B.C. in Bethlehem. After the division of the Roman Empire, the Ostrogoths under their king, Theodoric the Great, founded their own empire in Italy. In 552, in the battle at Mount Vesuvius, the East Roman general Narses decisively defeated the last king of the Goths, Teja. Nothing is known about the fate of the surviving Goths. The history of the Vikings was

made in the same period. The bold seafaring people occupied the western coasts of France and England and established a base in Greenland. According to unconfirmed reports, they even reached the eastern shore of North America. The European Middle Ages began in the year 900. At this time, the history of Aztecs, Mayas, and Incas started in America. The tribes of Aztecs and Incas with their class structure developed a pure Neolithic civilization typified by hieroglyphs and the Mayan calendar. The main emphasis of the Incas, however, was on the expansion of their empire, which reached its height at the beginning of the fifteenth century under Huayana Capac.



Arrival routes of foreigners The Arrival of the Foreign Warriors

The White Barbarians are a hardhearted people. They set fire to the forests, and when they burn, one can see the animals trapped by the fire who run trying to escape the flames but who burn nevertheless. The same thing happens to us. Since the White Barbarians have come to our country, there has been continuous war. But the Ugha Mongulala were never the first to

point the arrow. The White Barbarians sent out the first warrior, and the second, and the third. Only then did we send out the runner with the Golden Arrow. But our sacrifices were in vain. The White Barbarians advanced ever further, devastating everything like a tornado. They subdued the Allied Tribes and forced them to assume their customs, which were dictated by evil spirits. But man was born free in the mountains, in the plains, and on the Great River where the wind blows unhindered and nothing darkens the light of the sun, where he can live in freedom and breathe freely even though battles and chaos may come, as it is written in the Chronicle of Akakor:

"Discord and envy arose. And men quarreled about their sisters and their prey. Community festivals degenerated into drunken orgies. The Chosen Servants turned against each other and threw the bones and skulls of the dead at one another. The Allied Tribes left their traditional settlements and walked on new paths, where they founded their own settlements. Against the will of the high council of Akakor, they built numerous cities. Each of their new leaders commanded his own army."

In the middle of the eleventh millennium, the empire of the Ugha Mongulala had surpassed its zenith. The exemplary realm of Lhasa trembled under the revolt of the Allied Tribes. Great armies of savage tribes overran the frontier fortresses in Mato Grosso and in Bolivia. In Akakor tension between the high council and the priests increased. False faith and idolatry threatened the bequest of the Former Masters. Only the triple division of power introduced by Lhasa prevented the collapse of the empire. The people of the Ugha Mongulala benefited from his order and his laws, but even they could not prevent a slow disintegration of the empire, which was further accelerated by the events on the western frontier.

There the Incas were engaged in mighty battles and subjugated many tribes. They conquered the roads of access to the straits in the north and advanced over the eastern slopes of the Andes to the destroyed

temple city of Tiahuanaco. For the first time since the return of the Gods, hostile scouts penetrated as far as the walls of Akakor. But then an event occurred which has been described in our chronicle in the following words:

"Now we tell about the warriors from the East. Now we will talk about the arrival of the Goths. That was what they called themselves. And here is their history. Already 364 generations had passed since the departure of the Gods, since the beginning of light, life, and tribe. Already 104 princes had succeeded Lhasa. The hearts of the Chosen Servants were sullen. The clan of Viracocha had wandered to Cuzco. There they built their huts. There they erected the temples of their gods and preached hate and war. That was their daily food from dawn to dusk and during the night. Then a strange message reached Akakor. Foreign warriors were coming up the Great River—valiant men, as strong as the wild cat, as courageous as the jaguar. Women and children were also with them. They were in search of their Gods. And so the Goths reached the empire of the Chosen Tribes."

The arrival of the foreign warriors who called themselves Goths is one of the great mysteries in my people's history. The Ugha Mongulala had probably been aware since the time of Lhasa of a great empire beyond the eastern ocean that had been ruled by his brother Samon. But since the destruction of the city of Ofir in the seventh millennium, the connection had been severed. Up to the arrival of the Goths, the priests believed that Samon's empire had vanished. The foreign warriors from the East brought quite another message. There were many tribes and powerful nations beyond the eastern ocean. According to the tales of the Goths, their history as well derived from divine creatures. An old princely family had come down from the heavens and had taught them life and death. Many thousand years later, the Goths were forced by hunger and hostile tribes to wander into an alien land. And here their destiny was fulfilled.

"This is the name of the prince of the Goths. They called him the Wild Hunter. He had much wisdom and a great mind. He was a prophet of good will, and a performer of heroic deeds. He saved them from destruction. For the valiant warriors were beaten; they seemed doomed to perdition on the fire-spewing mountain. They faced extinction. But the Wild Hunter conquered the misfortune of the people. He concluded an alliance with the bold seafarers from the north. And his people went forth in search of the Gods. The Goths were searching in the four corners of the world, at the Blue End of the World and at the Red End of the World. They crossed the

infinity of the oceans. And after thirty moons they found a new home, the country of the Chosen Servants."

The Alliance between Two Nations

The arrival of the Goths in the year 11,051 (A.D. 570) had a fateful significance for the Ugha Mongulala. Akakor gained the support of a group of proven warriors, infinitely superior to the rebellious tribes. For centuries, the high council and the priests were diverted from the power struggle. The Chosen People regained its confidence in the bequest of the Ancient Fathers. Once again the prophecy of the Gods had proven true. In the hour of direct necessity, they sent help, as it is written in the Chronicle of Akakor:

"Thus the Goths reached the empire of the Chosen Tribes. And thus they established themselves in Akakor. Now there were two clans, but they were of one mind. There was neither battle nor discord. Peace was among them. There was no violence, no dispute. Their hearts were peaceful. They knew neither jealousy nor envy."

The alliance between the Goths and the Ugha Mongulala was sealed by the exchange of gifts. The high council allotted dwellings and fertile land to the new arrivals. The Goths presented my people with new seed and digging sticks which were pulled by animals. They taught them other forms of tilling the soil and showed the artisans how to construct better looms. But their greatest gift was the secret of producing a black hard metal that had been unknown to my people and which is called iron by the White Barbarians. Up to the arrival of the Goths we had only worked gold, silver, and bronze. Gold and silver came from the region of the destroyed temple city of Tiahuanaco. Selected workers trawled bolts

through the rivers in which the gold and silver carrying stones were found. Bronze was produced by the priests in large charcoal burners facing East. But their heat was not sufficient to melt the brown iron ore. Now the Goths constructed stone furnaces. Holes pierced at regular distances assured ventilation and increased the heat. Under the guidance of the new allies, the artisans started manufacturing large knives and sharp points for lances which were superior to the arms of the other tribes. They made garments

armored with iron for the warlords and the Tenthousand-MenLeaders. For a thousand years, our leaders went to war with these arms. Then the White Barbarians came with their firearms, against which even armor was no protection.

The iron armor, the black sails, and the colored dragon heads from the ships of the Goths have been preserved to this day, and we have kept them in the Great Temple of the Sun. According to the drawings of our priests, their ships could carry up to sixty men and were propelled by a sail of fine cloth that was rigged to a high mast. More than 1,000 warriors reached Akakor on forty ships. They reestablished the disintegrated empire and made it strong and powerful, as it is written in the chronicle, in good words, in clear script:

"Thus the greatness and the power of the Chosen Servants increased. The fame of their sons and the glory of their warriors grew. Allied to the iron warriors, they defeated their enemies. They built a mighty empire. They ruled over many lands. Their power reached to the four corners of the world."

The Campaign in the North

In spite of their defeat at the fire-spewing mountain, the Goths had remained a nation of warriors.

Shortly after their arrival they began to support the Ugha Mongulala in their fight against the rebellious tribes. With their new iron arms they pushed back the Tribe of the Great Voice to the sterile liana wilderness on the lower reaches of the Red River. They subdued the Tribe of the Glory that Grows and the Tribe Where Rain Falls, which had ceased paying tribute, and destroyed innumerable savage tribes. At the beginning of the seventh century in the reckoning of the White Barbarians, the Ugha Mongulala warriors once again had advanced to the heart of the great forests in the south of the empire and to the lower reaches of the Great River. Lhasa's old empire seemed to reemerge from the past.

"Thus started the Great War. The armies of the Chosen Servants went forth. They attacked the Tribe of the Great Voice. They quelled their arrogance. The archers and the slingers surmounted the palisades. They broke open the gates of the enemy's settlements. They killed more adversaries than could be counted, and great booty fell into their hands. This is the list: bone flutes and shell horns, precious feather ornaments of the Great Forest Bird, jaguar skins, and slaves. They captured everything. The Chosen Tribes gained a degree of power they had not possessed for thousands of years."

According to the Chronicle of Akakor, the allied armies of the Ugha Mongulala and the Goths went to fight in all four corners of the empire and beat the Degenerated Tribes into flight. It was a time of punishment and a time of retribution for their betrayal of the bequest of the Former Masters. Only on the western frontier did Akakor limit itself to defense. Faithful to the command of the Ancient Fathers never to fight against their own brothers, the high council simply erected a high wall against the Incas. For thirteen years, 30,000 allies worked on the broad stone wall with its buttresses and breastwork. Square watchtowers made of gigantic ashlar were placed at distances of six hours' walk between them. They contained storage rooms for arms and food and the warriors' quarters. Paved roads linked the fortresses with Akakor.

A mighty campaign to the north was the biggest military undertaking in the eleventh millennium. On their arrival, the Goths had brought reports of brown-skinned people who wore feathers. They lived beyond the straits in the north and traded with their ancestors.* Since at this time the priests discovered ominous signs in the sky, the high council was afraid of an impending attack by unknown nations. The council decided to equip an enormous army and to dispatch the force to the outermost northern frontier. And so 2 million warriors of the Ugha Mongulala and the Allied Tribes set out in the year 11,126 (A.D. 645) as it is written in the chronicle:

*** (Editor's note: i.e., the North American Indians.)**

"Thus the prince spoke to the assembled warriors: "Go forth now into that country. Have no fear. If there are enemies, fight them, kill them. And send us messages so that we can come to your assistance." These were his words. And the giant force set out. And all marched: the scouts, the archers, the slingers, the lance throwers. They passed over the hills. And they also occupied the shores of the oceans. They went forth at the prince's behest. They marched to the north. They built powerful cities to show the strength of the Chosen Tribes."

The greatest campaign in the history of the Chosen Tribes ended without any concrete results. A few moons after the departure of the army, communications were suddenly broken off. The last reports to reach Akakor mentioned a terrible catastrophe. The country beyond the frontier was now a sea of flames. The surviving warriors fled further north and intermarried with an alien people. Only a thousand years later, when the White Barbarians advanced into Peru, the high council's fears were confirmed: Alien warriors came from the north and destroyed the Inca empire. And with their arrival, the powerful and peaceful empire of the Ugha Mongulala and the Goths also perished.

A Millennium of Peace

The peaceful empire lasted a thousand years, from 11,051 to 12,012 (A.D. 570—1531). In this period, only two tribes had power and prestige: the Ugha Mongulala, the nation of the Chosen Tribes, and the Incas, the sons of the sun. They had divided the country between them and lived in peace. The descendants of the Degenerate Viracocha ruled an enormous empire from Cuzco. In Akakor, the legitimate successor of our Ancient Fathers governed in accordance with the Gods' bequest.

"The Chosen Servants knew happiness. They lived in peace. Truly, their empire was great. No harm could be done to them. Nobody could defeat them; their power grew all the time. Everything began with the arrival of the Goths. The greater and the lesser tribes were stricken with fear; they were afraid of the iron warriors. They were willing to serve the Chosen Tribes, and they brought many gifts. But the priests lifted their faces to the sky. They gave thanks for the mighty allies. They sacrificed incense and bees' honey. And they prayed to the Gods thus, thus was the cry of their hearts:

"Give us daughters and sons. Protect our people from trespass and sin. Protect them from lewdness; let them not stumble when they ascend and descend. Grant us good paths and roads. Let no misfortune and no guilt befall this alliance. Preserve unity at the four corners of the world and along the four sides of the world so that peace and happiness may rule in the empire of the Chosen Tribes."

And the Gods heeded the priests' prayers and blessed the union between the nation of the Goths and the Ugha Mongulala. The Alien Warriors who had crossed the ocean in their dragon ships willingly submitted to the bequest of the Gods. They learned our language and script, and quickly merged into our nation. Their leaders assumed important offices in the administration of the empire. Their generals became the terror of the hostile tribes. Even their priests renounced their false creed, which they had brought along in a heavy, iron-bound book. This book, which the German soldiers called "Bible," is written in signs unintelligible to my people. It contains pictures of the life of the Goths in their own country and also tells about a mighty

god. He had come to earth in the sign of the cross to deliver men from darkness. A thousand years later, the White Barbarians traced their divine origin from the same sign. In its name and for its honor they destroyed the empire of the Incas and brought death to millions of people. But up to their arrival, which is described in the third part of the Chronicle of Akakor, the Ugha Mongulala and the Goths lived peacefully united according to the bequest of the Ancient Fathers. They made the prescribed sacrifices, honored the Gods, and remembered the far distant period when there were neither men nor the Great River on earth, as it is written in the chronicle:

"It was uncountable years ago when sun and moon wished to marry. But nobody could unite them. For the love of the sun was afire and would have burned the earth. And the tears of the moon were innumerable and would have flooded the land. Therefore no one united them, and sun and moon separated. The sun went one way and the moon another way. But the moon wept the whole day and the whole night. And the tears of its love flowed on the earth, over the land, and into the sea. And the sea became angry, and its waters which flow upward for six moons and downward for six moons rejected the tears. So the moon let them fall on the land and created the Great River out of them."



Tatumca Nara, the chieftain of the Ugha Mongulala, during a stay in Manaus



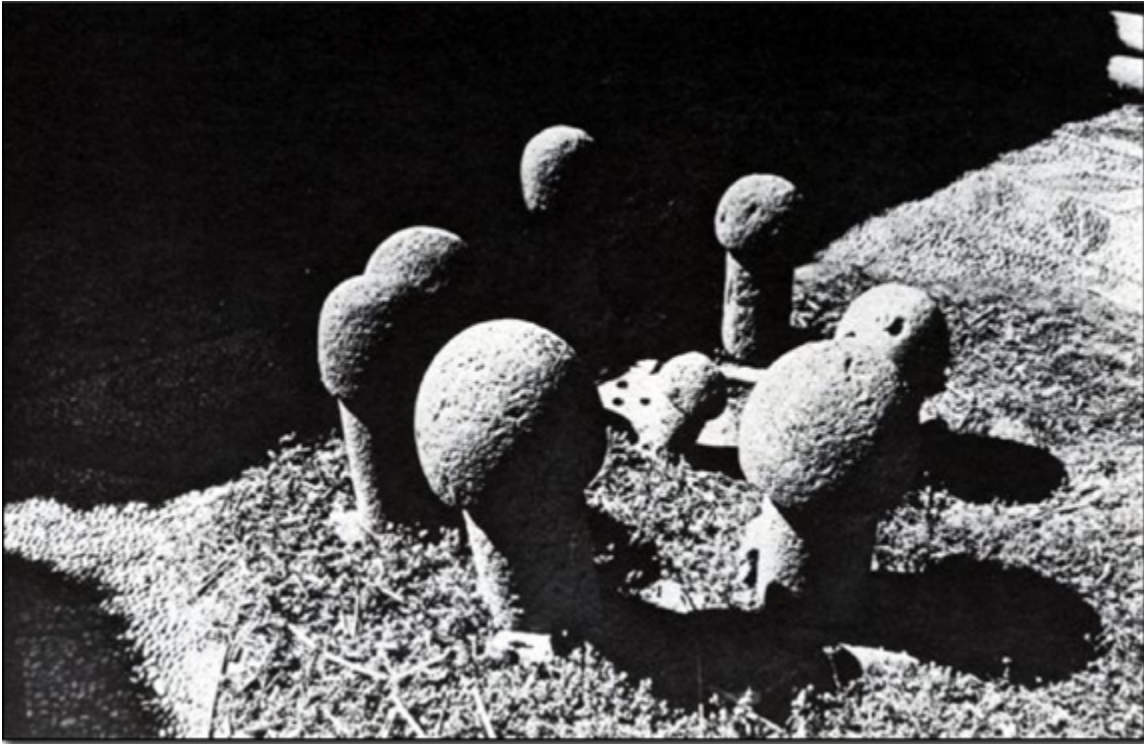
Tatunca Nara with the expedition boat in Manaus



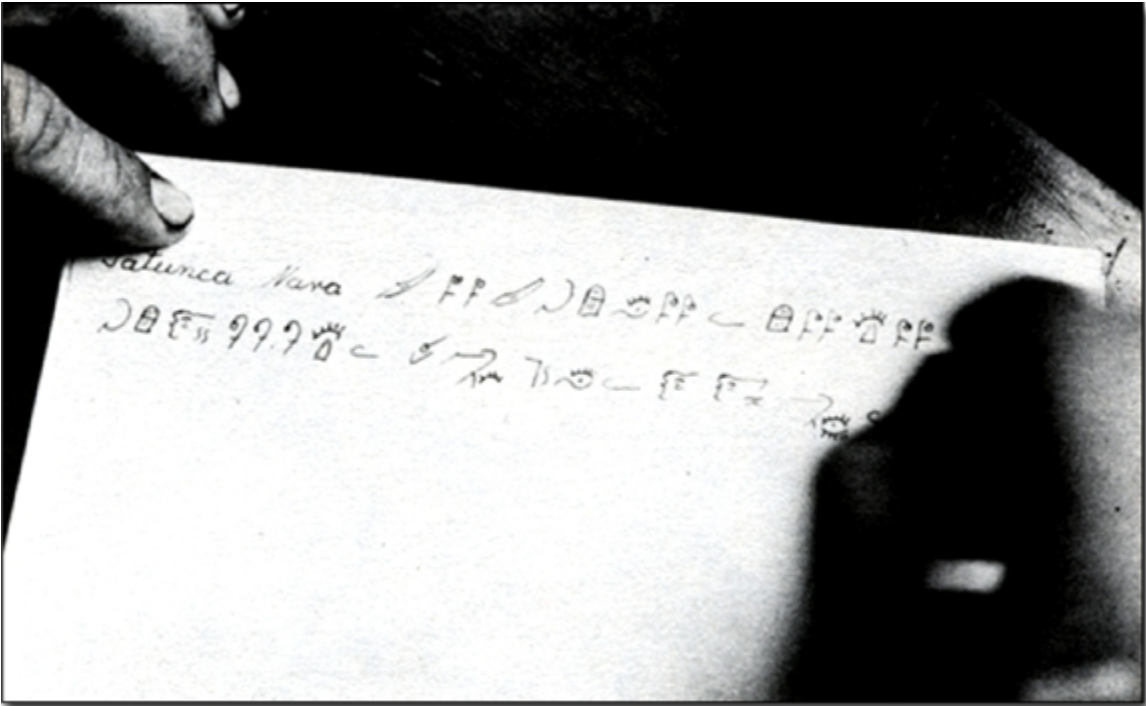
Tatunca Nara in war paint (before setting of to his tribe)



Sacsayhuaman, the Inca fortress above Cuzco (Peru)



Ritual site of the Incas



Tatunca Nara writing down the script of the Ancient Fathers



Inca ruins near Cuzco



Machu Picchu, the famous city of ruins of the Incas above the Urubamba. It was never entered by the Spanish

THE BOOK OF THE ANT

1. THE WHITE BARBARIANS IN THE EMPIRE OF THE INCAS 1492—1534

The transition from the Middle Ages to the modern era was characterized by the Portuguese and Spanish discoveries. They led the western European nations across the ocean. Bold seafarers had already discovered the Atlantic isles in the first half of the fifteenth century, and in 1492, Christopher Columbus discovered America. He made four voyages to the New World and founded the first Spanish colony on Haiti. In 1500, the Portuguese sailor Cabral discovered Brazil. In 1519, Cortez started on the conquest of Mexico. The Aztec King Montezuma II capitulated after three years and was murdered by the Spaniards. Zealous Christian missionaries destroyed the old Mexican civilization. In 1531, Pizarro began the conquest of Peru. The mighty empire of the Incas, which had been weakened by a civil struggle, was defeated after three years in the fight against the better armed Spanish troops. Their King of the Sun, Atahualpa, who had been

betrayed and captured, was strangled in 1533. Only small remnants of the highly developed civilization, mainly architecture, the writing in knots, and gold objects, survived the destruction. The Inca population, estimated by contemporary writers to have amounted to 10 million, was reduced to 3 million within a few years. The value of the gold ingots transported by the Spaniards from Peru amounted to roughly \$5 billion in today's currency.

The Arrival of the White Barbarians

Everything is included in the Chronicle of Akakor, written in good words and in clear script. But I am telling it all when time is already running out. I am exposing the Book of Wisdom and the life of my people according to the bequest of the Gods to give an account about the past and the future. For the Ugha Mongulala are doomed to perdition. More and more trees are falling, their roots dead. The warriors killed by the invisible arrows of the White Barbarians are growing ever more numerous. An endless river of blood passes through the forests on the Great River to the very ruins of Akakor. Since the White Barbarians advanced into the country, dejection

and discouragement have seized my people, as it is written down in the chronicle:

Strange news was brought to the high council about alien bearded men and mighty ships that glide soundlessly over the water, whose masts reach into the sky. News came about white foreigners, strong and mighty like gods. They were like our Ancient Fathers. And the high council ordered fires of joy to be lighted, thinking of the Former Masters. They tendered sacrificial gifts to the Gods who had at long last returned. And the glad tidings were carried from man to man. The news spread from one tribe to the other; they beat the drums day and night. And the whole nation wept with joy. For the prophecy had been fulfilled. The Gods were returning.

At the beginning of the year 12,013 (A.D. 1532), such thoughts would still have been sacrilegious. It appeared as if the prophecy of the Ancient Fathers might be fulfilled. Six thousand years after their last visit to earth, they returned as they had promised. And the Chosen People's joy was accordingly great. A new era was looming ahead, a return to the days when the Ugha Mongulala had ruled the world in the north, in the south, in the west, and in the east. The only ones who did not share in the general jubilation were the priests. They doubted the news of the Gods' return, even though the date corresponded with their prediction.

Twelve thousand years ago, the Ancient Fathers had left the earth. Six thousand years had passed since Lhasa's death. But the priests, who know everything, who see the future, and to whom nothing remains hidden, observed ominous signs in the sky. Very soon the news about the return of our Former Masters was found to be a cruel error. The aliens did not come with good intentions, to assume power with kindness and wisdom. Instead of happiness and inner peace, they brought tears, bloodshed, and violence. In a frenzy of hatred and greed the strangers destroyed the empire of our sister nation, the Incas. They burned down cities and villages, and murdered men, women, and children. The White Barbarians, as we still call them today, rejected the bequest of the Ancient Fathers. They erected temples in the sign of the cross and sacrificed millions of men for its honor.

A great star was approaching the earth and shed a dull light over plains and mountains. The sun had also changed, as it is written in the chronicle:

"Woe on us. The signs point to disaster. The sun is not bright and yellow but red, like thick blood." Thus spoke the priests. "The strangers do not bring peace. They do not trust in the bequest of the Ancient Fathers. Their thoughts are made of blood. They shed blood over the whole empire."

The disaster our priests had foreseen first struck the Incas. A civil war broke out in their empire. The two sons of Huayana Capac fought for the prince's office. In a bloody battle on the fields before Cuzco, the firstborn Huascar, was defeated by his younger brother Atahualpa. The victor and his army advanced into the

capital and began a bloody reign of terror. Atahualpa would have destroyed the partisans of his unhappy brother if the strangers had not landed on the shores of the western ocean. Their arrival prevented his ultimate victory.

Powerful ships reached the coast. They came silently over the water. And bearded men landed, with powerful weapons and strange animals, as fast and strong as the hunting jaguar. And within one day, mighty opponents arose against Atahualpa. He gained cruel enemies, who were false and full of cunning.

The Destruction of the Inca Empire

Soon after their arrival in Peru, the White Barbarians allowed their true intentions to be known. Dazzled by the wealth and the riches of Cuzco, they started on a cruel war of conquest. First they stormed the cities on the shore. They occupied the surrounding country and subjugated the Allied Tribes of the Incas. Then the White Barbarians gathered for a campaign over the mountains of the Andes. At the place that is called Catamarca, ten hours' walk from Cuzco, they met the army of Atahualpa, the prince of the sons of the sun.

The war scouts tell terrible tales. Awful were their revelations. Atahualpa had to pay dearly for his arrogance. He fell victim to a ruse of the strangers. He was betrayed and captured. And the secondborn son of Huayana Capac was bound. His warriors were killed by the White Barbarians' arms. The plain ran red with blood. The blood was ankle-deep on the fields when the Incas lost the battle. And the bearded warriors passed on further. Murdering and

looting, they came to Cuzco. They violated the women. They robbed the gold. Even the tombs were broken open. Misery and despair came to the mountains where once Atahualpa, the prince of the sons of the sun, had been powerful.

My people learned of the real cruelty of the White Barbarians from the many Inca refugees. The bearded strangers committed worse atrocities than the savage tribes ever had. Barely twelve moons after their arrival, a deep darkness dwelt over the empire of the sons of the sun, lit only by the burning cities and villages. Soon the Ugha Mongulala had to recognize the terrible truth:

The sister nation was doomed to perish. The strangers had peculiar weapons that sent out flaming thunderbolts. They had strange animals with silver feet which, guided by men, spread death and perdition in the ranks of the sons of the sun. Atahualpa's warriors fled before them in panic.

But the Incas were a strong nation. In spite of the strangers' superior weapons, they fought bitterly for their country. After the devastating defeat at Catamarca, the remnants of the army gathered in the mountains around Cuzco and at the border of the country called Bolivia. The main force barred the mountain passes leading to the coast. Chosen scouts took the enemy in the rear. In this way they prevented the White Barbarians' advance for a long time. Only when the foreigners had burned Atahualpa alive in honor of their god and this prediction of our priests had been fulfilled did they cease resisting. The Inca empire went under in a terrible storm of fire.

Woe unto the sons of the sun! What awful fate has struck them! They betrayed the bequest of the Gods and have now been betrayed themselves. They have been chastised. They have been bloodily beaten by the White Barbarians. For the strangers knew no mercy. They did not spare the women, nor did they spare the children. They behaved like savage beasts, like ants, destroying everything in their path. The era of blood started for the sons of the sun. A whole nation is expiating the sins of Viracocha. The days of the dog began when the sun and the moon were darkened by blood.

The Withdrawal of the Ugha Mongulala

Five years after the arrival of the White Barbarians, the Inca empire resembled Akakor after the first Great Catastrophe. Its capital lay in ruins. Villages and settlements had been burned down. The survivors had withdrawn into the high mountains or served the White Barbarians as slaves. The sign of the cross, which is identical with the sign of death, could be seen everywhere. Up to now, the Ugha Mongulala had witnessed the tragedy only from a distance. The White Barbarians were fully occupied with ransacking the wealth of the Incas. Their warriors were afraid of the dense wilderness of lianas on the eastern slopes of the Andes, and only fleeing Incas crossed the fortified frontier Lhasa had had constructed.

In the year 12,034, the war also spread to Akakor. The Spaniards, as the White Barbarians called themselves, learned of our capital through betrayal. And because their greed for gold was inexhaustible, they equipped an army. After heavy fighting with the Tribe of Demons-Terror, the army advanced via the eastern flank of the Andes into the Machu Picchu region. The high council had to come to a decision of the utmost importance: war against the White Barbarians or withdrawal into the inner region of Akakor. Prince Umo and the elders of the people decided on withdrawal, although the warlords and warriors counseled against it. They ordered the frontier cities to be abandoned and all signs of the capital to be destroyed. Only small scouting troops were left behind in the abandoned regions to observe the movements of the hostile warriors and to forewarn Akakor of an attack. This was Umo's decision. And so it was carried out.

Later events proved Prince Umo's farsightedness. His decision saved the Ugha Mongulala from a war they could never have won. But it also condemned the Incas to ultimate extinction. The high council refused the appeal for assistance by the Inca generals and prepared for a difficult defensive conflict. If there had to be war at all, it would have to take place where natural barriers would imperil the White Barbarians, in the high valleys of the Andes and the wilderness of lianas on the Great River. The warriors obeyed the instructions of the high council. They withdrew from the endangered regions. With heavy hearts, they angrily abandoned even Machu Picchu, Lhasa's sacred city. Long columns of porters carried all objects, jewelry, sacrificial gifts, and stores to Akakor. Then the warriors razed the houses and walls and broke up the roads behind them. The priests

destroyed the temples. The artisans blocked the entries with heavy stones. They so carefully carried out the orders of the elders that, today even the Ugha Mongulala can only find Machu Picchu with the aid of maps and drawings. Only the subterranean passages of the Mountain of the Moon were left untouched. For no one who does not understand the signs of the past is able to reveal the secret of the Exalted Son of the Gods, Lhasa.

And thus the high priest barred the holy city. He hid the secret of the Exalted Son of the Gods, of the creator and former, the ruler over the four winds, over the four corners of the world, and over the face of the sky. And with these words he veiled the secret: "You must stand in the shadow of your shadow when the eye of the Gods lifts and the earth is still darkened by night.

Then the shadow of your shadow will point the way. It will show you the direction from the heart of heaven to the heart of the earth."

For a long time it seemed as if the Gods were to spare the Ugha Mongulala from the fate of their sister nation, and Akakor remained barred to the White Barbarians. Although in their campaigns they advanced into the region of the headwaters of the Red River, they never passed the forests on the eastern slopes of the mountains. Their warriors died of the unknown diseases of the Great Forests, or they fell under the poisoned arrows of the Allied Tribes. Only a single group reached the surroundings of my people's capital. At Mount Akai, three hours' walk from Akakor, a memorable battle was fought which has been written down in the chronicle for posterity.

It was at the Mount Akai that the warriors met the White Barbarians with their terrible weapons and the iron warriors of the Chosen Servants. For a long time the battle was undecided. The armies fought bitterly. Then the Chosen Servants dared to attack. They advanced to the heart of their enemies. They blinded them with torches. They trapped their legs with ropes. They beat their heads with stones until blood flowed from mouth and nose. And the White Barbarians fled in panic, leaving everything behind, their weapons and their armor, their animals and their slaves. They only wanted to save their lives, and they failed to do even that. Hardly anyone succeeded in fleeing, and many were brought to Akakor as captives.

The captives were the first White Barbarians in Akakor. The Ugha Mongulala regarded them with both horror and awe. Only the priests met them with contempt. They threw the dirt of the earth on the false believers as a token of their humiliation. Then the high council sent the White Barbarians as slaves into the gold and silver mines. To the end of their days they were to expiate their crimes, as it is written in the chronicle:

These are the tidings. Thus the high priest spoke to the White Barbarians: "Who has borne you that you should rule over death and life? Who are you that you should despise the bequest of the Gods? Whence have you come that you should bring war to our country? Truly, your deeds are evil. You have shed blood. You have hunted men. You have destroyed the tribes of the sons of the sun and have sprayed their blood over the mountains." These were the words of the high priest. They were terrible. But the hearts of the White Barbarians remained hardened, and it took time for them to realize their fate. They were facing eternal captivity.

2 THE WAR IN THE EAST

1534—1691

Following the discoveries of Spanish and Portuguese sailors, European civilization started expanding in the New World. The maritime powers of Spain and Portugal (later joined by England and the Netherlands) became rich by exploiting their colonies. While Spain looted Peru and Mexico, Portugal started the conquest of the Brazilian east coast. In 1541—1542, Orellana, a battle companion of Pizarro, embarked on his historical journey across the South American continent. He was the first to navigate the Amazon River, which he named after the bellicose women he allegedly encountered on his journey. After his return to the New World in 1546, he died of malaria at the mouth of the Amazon. At this time, the English and the Dutch started exploring the tributaries of the Amazon. Belem was founded in 1616 by the Portuguese Caldera Castello Branco in the name of the United Kingdom of Portugal and Spain, and the actual exploration of Amazonia by the Portuguese was launched here. The main figure was Pedro Texeira, who repeated Orellana's historic journey in the opposite direction in 1637. He determined Brazil's future western frontier in Portugal's name at the confluence of Rio Aguatico and Rio Napo. Pedro Texeira, who had

prided himself on having killed 30,000 savages with his own hands, died in 1641. According to the estimate of the Jesuit father Antonio Veira, the Portuguese conquerors murdered 2 million forest Indians within a period of thirty years.

The Arrival of the White Barbarians in the East

Where is the Tribe of the Glory that Grows? What has become of the Incas, the sons of the sun? Where is the Tribe of the Great Voice, the Tribe of Refuse Eaters, and many of the formerly powerful peoples of the Degenerated Tribes? Greed and violence of the White Barbarians have made them melt away like snow in the sun. Very few have succeeded in fleeing to the interior of the forests. Others have hidden on the tops of trees like the Tribe that Lives on the Trees. There they have no protective clothing and nothing to eat. No one knows where they are, and perhaps they are all dead by now. Other tribes have surrendered to the White Barbarians who talked to them softly. But good words are no compensation for the misery of an entire people. Good words do not give them health and do not prevent them from dying. Good words do not give the tribes a new country where they can live in peace, and hunt freely, and till their fields. All this my people saw with their own eyes. Our scouts brought back these tidings after venturing far into the territory of the White Barbarians. My heart aches when I think of all the false promises they gave. But truly, we can no more expect the rivers to flow backward than we can expect the White Barbarians to keep their promises. For they are evil and treacherous, as it is written in the chronicle:

"Red sap runs out of the trees, sap like blood." So spoke the messengers of the Allied Tribes when they came to the Chosen Servants. "For the White Barbarians had also landed in the East, with their ships, whose masts reach into the sky. They came with their weapons which rumble, sending death' from a distance and whose arrows cannot be seen. So they occupied the land."

This was the tale the messengers told. They waited with much impatience and begged for the decision of the high council. They implored the Gods for help: "Do not abandon us," they pleaded. "Give arms to our men so that we may drive the enemy out of the country, so that light may return to the

empire of the Chosen Servants." Thus spoke the messengers, the suffering warriors, the desperate men of the Allied Tribes. And they awaited the sun, which brightens the vault of the sky and the face of the earth. So they waited and brought to Akakor the news of the White Barbarians' arrival in the East.

Early in the thirteenth millennium, the war at the western frontier came to a temporary halt. The Spanish had tired of the wasteful battles. They renounced the conquest of the eastern slopes of the Andes and gave up the attack on Akakor. A wide no-man's-land, guarded only by our scouts, was set up between their newly established empire and the realm of the Ugha Mongulala. There was no further danger that our capital might be discovered. But no sooner had the White Barbarians stopped their advance in the west of the country than they began landing in the east as well and occupied the coastal region. They sailed up the Great River until they came to the settlements of the Allied Tribes. Fighting broke out once again: A new war between the White Barbarians and the Chosen People started.

But the Ugha Mongulala had learned from the extinction of the Incas. They avoided meeting the enemy in open battle. Their warriors attacked the White Barbarians only from ambush. At the same time they abandoned all cities and villages in this region. Our enemies found only deserted settlements on their raids. They suffered from hunger and thirst. In the impenetrable forests they strayed in circles. Many of them fell victim to our most terrible weapon, a poison, a secret handed down from our Former Masters. With these new tactics my people succeeded in keeping the White Barbarians away from the center of the empire for a long time. But then an unexpected event occurred. Many Allied Tribes renounced their allegiance to Akakor. They betrayed the bequest of the Gods and began to worship the sign of the cross.

The Destruction of the Allied Tribes

The Tribe of Distorted Faces on the lower reaches of the Black River started the rebellion of the Allied Tribes in the eastern provinces of the empire. This nation had been allied to the Ugha Mongulala since Lhasa's times. After the arrival of the White Barbarians, the tribe, numbering

80,000 heads, betrayed the bequest of the Gods and declared war on Akakor. Within a

few months, war had spread over the whole empire. In the headwater region of the Great River, the Tribe of the Glory that Grows revolted. Its warriors attacked the cities in the region of the temple complex of Salazere and penetrated deep into the interior of the empire. The Tribe of Tapir Killers that had originally regarded the White Barbarians with suspicion overran the fortresses of Mario, Samoa, and Kin. Only a few Ugha Mongulala warriors succeeded in escaping the bloodbath. They fled into the inaccessible forest regions on the lower reaches of the Great River. Over the course of centuries, their descendants intermarried with savage tribes. They have only retained the white skin of the Chosen Servants as testimony to their origin. They have lost the bequest of the Gods.

The heaviest losses were incurred during the fights in the southern regions of the empire. The Tribe of Wanderers that had been allied to Akakor abandoned its old settlements. Murdering and looting, they passed along the lower reaches of the Great River to the coast of the eastern ocean, as it is written in the chronicle:

This is the story of the desertion of the Tribe of Wanderers. When they heard the news of bearded warriors, they were much surprised. Why not go there? Why not look at the strangers?

And they shouted: "Surely they bring large gifts, larger than those of the Chosen Servants."

And they set out. They reached the edge of the ocean, the ships of the White Barbarians. The bearded strangers received them kindly; they were clever. They gave them fine clothes and shining pearls. They gave them these as tokens of friendship. And the Wanderers lusted so much for these gifts that they forgot the bequest of the Gods. They submitted to the White Barbarians. So their alliance with the Chosen Servants came to an end. Lhasa had established it; it had been sacred. Now it had lost its value, and only bones were left. But the bequest of the Gods is greater. It is stronger than the betrayal of the Allied Tribes. Its essence is not lost, nor can it pass

away. The image of the Former Masters cannot be extinguished—not in a thousand years, never.

The betrayal of the Allied Tribes endangered the lives of the Ugha Mongulala. In order to confuse the superior forces of the enemy, Akakor used cunning. Chosen warriors in the war paint of the rebellious tribes attacked the advance posts of the White Barbarians. They killed the enemies and left behind them signs of the deserting tribes. The White Barbarians took cruel revenge for what they believed to be the attack of their allies. Soon a great and confusing war had broken out between the White Barbarians, the tribes that had deserted Akakor, the savage peoples, and the Ugha Mongulala. The Tribe of the Wanderers suffered the heaviest losses. Almost all of the people were butchered. The Tribe of Tapir Killers fled to the mountains north of the Great River. The Tribe of the Glory that Grows had no choice but to submit to the rule of Akakor.

Terrible was the fate of the rebels. Their faces and their bodies, their very souls, were red with blood. Their shadows roamed the land restlessly. They suffered every kind of pain. They were killed. No one's life was spared. The penalty for their falseness was death. They had false hearts, black and white at the same time. And they paid for their betrayal with death.

The final decline of my people began with the desertion of the Allied Tribes. Like a horde of ants, the White Barbarians advanced ever further. If a hundred of them were killed, a thousand followed. They built cities and settlements and established their own empire on the lower reaches of the Great River. A new order emerged, which excluded the people of the Chosen Servants and was against the bequest of the Gods. A time of darkness began in which only the terrifying sound of the flying dogs' wings and the hooting of the owls could be heard. But before the darkness spread to the borders of Akakor, it descended on the sister nation of the Ugha Mongulala, the Akahim.

The Struggle of the Akahim

Since the time of the Exalted Son of the Gods, Lhasa, Akakor and Akahim, the sister city in the mountains of Parima, had been allies. For thousands of years, the Ugha Mongulala and the people of Akahim had exchanged gifts. Embassies regularly visited one another's courts. Their warriors fought together against hostile tribes. Only the arrival of the Goths in the twelfth millennium brought some tension to the fraternal bonds. The Akahim were afraid of the terrible iron arms and thought the Ugha Mongulala wanted to subdue them. Akahim broke off practically all relations. Scouts of the two empires met only rarely to exchange gifts and sacrifices and to reconfirm friendship and peace.

The landing of the White Barbarians at the mouth of the Great River gave a decisive turn to the fate of the Akahim. Allied Tribes betrayed their empire to the alien warriors. They equipped ships and went in search of the mysterious city. The Akahim were faced with the same dilemma as the Ugha Mongulala eighty years before, when the empire of the Incas collapsed: The choice was war against the White Barbarians or withdrawal into the mountains of Parima. In order to avoid a bloody war, the high council decided on withdrawal. But when the 130 elders of the people gave the order for peace, something unheard of happened: The women resisted this decision. They overthrew the high council and assumed power themselves. Under the leadership of courageous Mena they forced the men to take up bows and arrows and to meet the White Barbarians.

"Let us go to war!" So spoke the women. "Are we not numerous enough to drive off the bearded strangers? Are we not strong enough to defeat them?" And the women of the Akahim rose up. They broke their bowls, and they broke their pots. They extinguished the fire on the hearth, and they went to war. They wanted to show their strength to the White Barbarians.

They were going to crunch their bones and turn their flesh to dust.

The Akahim war against the White Barbarians is one of the proudest chapters in the history of mankind. In alliance with the survivors of the Tribe of Wanderers, they fought great battles against their enemies. The

warring women attacked the hostile ships lying at anchor from large canoes. They shot flaming arrows into the sails and set them alight. To stop the advance of their enemies, they dammed the rivers with giant stones. Like the Ugha Mongulala, they destroyed their own country. In this way, the Akahim withstood the attack of the White Barbarians for seven years. During this time they killed thousands of bearded warriors and were themselves killed by the thousands. And then the strength of the Akahim was broken. The women had proved their courage and brought their people to the brink of perdition. The laments of the fraternal nation were so loud that weeping and sorrow also erupted in Akakor.

The earth was red, red from real blood. But it was a good death the valiant Akahim had found, the best. They broke the force of the enemies. They ground their bones like grinding corn for flour. They threw their bones into the racing current. And the water carried them away, through the lesser and the greater mountains.

The women of the Akahim, called Amazons in the language of the White Barbarians, have remained valiant warriors. Despite heavy losses, they succeeded in ordering the life of the community anew in the course of centuries and in preventing the advance of the White Barbarians into the original tribal territory. They separated from the Allied Tribes and established a new order in the life of the community. Today only

10,000 people are left of the formerly powerful tribe who lived in the inaccessible valleys in the Parima mountains. They pass the main part of their lives in the underground dwellings of the Gods. They only come up to the surface to till their fields and to hunt.

The life of the Akahim differs completely from that of my own people. They are ruled by a princess who is a descendant of the warlike Mena. She is the absolute sovereign of her people. She selects the members of the high council, the warlords, and the officials. All high offices are reserved for women. Men serve as simple soldiers or work in the fields. Even the high priest is a woman. As in my nation, she preserves the bequest of the Gods. Since the women's rebellion, the Akahim no longer know marriage. Only during pregnancy do men and women enter into a loose union. After the birth of the child, the man is once again rejected by the woman. From the

age of twelve, girls enjoy a privileged education in the priestesses' schools and are trained in the art of war and in the administration of the realm. From this age on, the boys are obligated to work. They have no rights and live like slaves. They are expelled from the tribal union for the smallest misdemeanor and are forced to leave the underground dwellings. Many of these unhappy ones have fled to Akakor. Here they have taken a wife of the Ugha Mongulala and have founded a new family. For the women of my people are content with the part the Gods allotted them: to be faithful servants of the men.

Tona was dissatisfied with her husband. She was unhappy. Her heart was heavy. And she went to the high priest and asked for advice. She wanted help. She wanted to part from her husband.

But the high priest ordered Tona to be patient. She was to remain with her husband until she had written down his ten greatest faults; only then might she leave him. And Tona returned to her house. She wanted to write down the ten gravest faults of her husband. She wanted to put down what she did not like in him. But when she had found his first fault she did not think it worth recording. And when she discovered the second fault, she thought it too slight. And the days passed. One moon followed the other. And the years passed. And Tona grew old. Not one fault of her husband's had she written down. She was happy and an example to her children

The Chronicle of Akakor

and her children's children.

3 THE WHITE BARBARIAN EMPIRES 1691—1920

European history up to the French Revolution was characterized by the rivalry between France and the house of Hapsburg, and overseas by the struggle for colonial predominance. 1776 was a decisive date in the history of the North American continent, and in 1783, England recognized the independence of the United States of America. The extermination of the North American Indians began at the same time. The history of the Spanish colonies in South America finished in 1824 with the battle of Ayacucho when Antonio Jose de Sucre, a commander of Simon Bolivar's "Patriots," decisively defeated the Spanish mercenaries. A number of independent republics developed, among them Peru, Ecuador, Bolivia, and Chile. In 1822, Brazil declared its independence from Portugal. The same year saw the beginning of the Cabanagem, the greatest social revolutionary movement in Brazilian history. The mestizos and Indians led by Angelim were defeated by the forces of the central government in a war lasting three years. Two thirds of the Amazonian population were exterminated. The first rubber boom started around 1870. Within forty years, 150,000 settlers in the northeast harvested 800 million kilos of rubber. After a bloody frontier struggle, Bolivia ceded the border province of Acre to Brazil in 1903, against payment of £2 million sterling. In 1915, the competition of British plantations in Malaysia caused rubber prices to slump to half their previous value.

The economic exploitation of Amazonia was temporarily halted.

The Disintegration of the Empire

The Ugha Mongulala have become a small nation. But we are an ancient people, the oldest in the world. For many thousands of years, we lived on the Great River and in the mountains of the Andes. We never went further, neither in war nor in peace, and we never went to the country of the White Barbarians. But the White Barbarians have conquered our country and taken possession of it. They persecute us, commit evil deeds, and have taught us many bad things. Before they crossed the ocean, peace and unity reigned among the Chosen Tribes. But now there is constant war. The white settlers have advanced to the headwater region of the Great River, and they steal our land. It is the best and the last land we have. In this land we were born. We grew up here. My ancestors lived and died here; we also want to stay and to die here. The country is ours. If the White Barbarians try to deprive us of it, we will fight as our ancestors fought and as it is written in the chronicle:

The White Barbarians assembled. They took their arms and their animals on which they can ride. Their warriors were numerous when they went up along the Great River. But the Chosen Servants knew of their coming. They had not slept. They had observed their enemies while they were preparing for battle. Then the White Barbarians set out. They planned to attack at night when the Chosen Servants were worshiping the Gods. But they did not reach their goal.

Sleep overcame them on the way. And the warriors of the Chosen Tribes came and cut off their eyebrows and their beards. They took the silver ornaments from their arms and threw them into the Great River. They did this in retribution and to humiliate them. In this way they showed their power.

At the beginning of the thirteenth millennium (the eighteenth century), the white conquerors inexorably continued their advance. After the soldiers came the gold miners who searched the rivers for the glistening stones. Hunters and trappers gathered the skins of jaguars and tapirs. The priests of the White Barbarians erected temples under the sign of the cross. One hundred and fifty years after the arrival of the first ships on the eastern

coast, the Ugha Mongulala empire only consisted of the territories on the upper reaches of the Great River, the regions on the Red River, the northern part of Bolivia, and the eastern slopes of the Andes. Communication with the nation of the Akahim had broken off. The fortified frontier in the west lay in ruins.

The only survivors of the formerly powerful Allied Tribes were the Tribe of Tapir Killers, the Tribe of Black Hearts, the Tribe of Evil Spirits, and the Tribe of Refuse Eaters. The Tribe of Demons-Terror had fled into the deep wilderness of lianas. The surviving Wanderers lived with the Akahim. The White Barbarians advanced inexorably, destroying every obstruction or anything that displeased them. As the ant gnaws the flesh off the wounded jaguar's bones, so they destroyed the empire of the Chosen Tribes.

Impotently, the Ugha Mongulala faced the attack of their enemies. In helpless exasperation, they experienced the decline of the formerly powerful empire. The women were still weaving garments for their husbands; the hunters still followed the spoor of the wild boar and laid in stores for the rainy season; the warriors stood vigilantly on the mighty walls of Akakor in the protection of high mountains and deep valleys. But all the lives and actions of the Chosen People were shadowed by deep sorrow. Their faces were pale, white, and tired like flowers blooming in the depth of the liana wilderness. Where were the Gods, who had promised to return when their brothers of the same blood and the same father were in danger? What had become of the justice of the eternal laws which, according to the bequest of the Gods, should also rule the White Barbarians? The people saw no way out. Even the priests had no answer.

That was the beginning of the decline. That was the inglorious end of the empire. So began the victory of the White Barbarians. They were like evil spirits but also strong and powerful. They committed crimes even in daylight. And the Chosen Servants united. They took up their arms.

They wanted to confront the 'White Barbarians and to fight. They wanted to finish them at the four corners of the empire. Not afraid of mighty weapons, they wanted to wreak vengeance for their crimes. For the Chosen Servants had never been so blinded by power or wealth as the White Barbarians.

The War on the Great River

The savage tribes on the lower reaches of the Great River are lazy, and peaceful as the water before it reaches the sea. When Lhasa expanded the empire to the mouth of the river, they came to meet him with gifts. They greeted his warriors with tokens of friendship. Willingly they allied themselves to the most powerful nation in the world. They wanted nothing but their land, where they could live in tranquillity and peace. Only after the arrival of the White Barbarians did the savage tribes start changing their lives. Although they had formerly supported the Ugha Mongulala, they now served the White Barbarians who had promised them riches and power. But the White Barbarians know nothing about the value of promises.

Their hearts are cold, and their way of thinking is very strange and involved. They do not fight each other for the sake of a man's honor or to prove their strength; they make war only for the sake of things. The savage tribes on the lower reaches of the Great River also began to experience this. The atrocities the White Barbarians committed were so horrible that even these peaceful people took up arms. They united and declared war on their oppressors.

Scouts brought news to the high council of Akakor about this revolt, which soon developed into a civil struggle among the White Barbarians. The accounts of the fights were horrible. The White Barbarians pursued the rebels without pity. Under cover of darkness they attacked cities and villages. They killed the ordinary people with their fire-spewing arms. The chieftains were hanged from trees by their heels, and their hearts were cut out. Soon the Great Forest was filled with the cries of the dying. The survivors passed through the country like shadows and begged the Gods for justice, as it is written in the chronicle:

What kind of people are these who do not even respect their own Gods, who kill because they rejoice in foreign blood? They are miserable. They are bone breakers. They even beat their own brothers until they are bloody, suck them dry to the bone, and scatter their bones over the fields. That is what they are: bone breakers, skull wreckers, miserable people.

The merciless war of the White Barbarians lasted for three years. Three times the sun passed from east to west before the war was over. Then the land at the Great River seemed as if it had been swept clean. It resembled the infinite waste of the oceans where even the big ships of the White Barbarians are lost. The savage tribes were exterminated. Barely a third of the population had survived. But the strength of the White Barbarians was also exhausted.

For the next decades, the Ugha Mongulala had a much needed breathing space. They could withdraw and rearrange the defense of the remaining regions. My people took courage once again. They sacrificed incense and bees' honey, and venerated the memory of the dead.

The tribes of the Chosen Servants assembled. They gathered in front of the golden mirror to give thanks for the light and to weep for the dead. They lit the rosin, and magic herbs, and incense. And for the first time in history, the Chosen Servants also sang the song of the black sun, in pain and sorrow:

Woe on us,

The sun shines black.

His light covers the earth with sorrow.

His rays foretell death.

Woe on us,

The warriors did not return,

They fell in the battle on the Great River,

The archers and the scouts,

The slingers and the lance throwers.

Woe on us,

The sun shines black.

Darkness covers the earth.

The Advance of the Rubber Gatherers

Peace on the eastern frontier of the empire lasted only for a short period. Barely fifty years after the terrible war on the lower reaches of the Great River, the White Barbarians had recovered from their losses. They prepared for a new attack on the Great Forest. From Manaus, as they call their largest city, they advanced in a broad front to the upper reaches of the Great River, the Red and the Black Rivers. And again they were driven by their insatiable greed. The White Barbarians had discovered the secret of rubber.

My people have known the secret of the rubber tree for thousands of years. Our priests use its sap to make medicines and poisons. They also used it for the colors of the war paint and for the building of houses. But my people respect the laws of nature. They collected only small quantities of the rubber, as the White Barbarians call the sap of the trees. They avoid everything that might endanger the life of the forest.

The White Barbarians ruthlessly laid waste to nature. They sent hundreds of thousands of men into the liana wilderness, driven by the promise of quick wealth, prodded by their leaders' weapons. Within a short time, the formerly fertile country was changed into a desolate desert. This renewed advance by the White Barbarians became even more dangerous for Akakor than their campaigns 100 years earlier. At that time, they had been content with quick booty. Now they stayed on in the forests. They settled and cultivated the

ground. The savage tribes had to flee. Those who remained were killed by the rubber gatherers or held captive like animals in large compounds. Vast despair spread. Because the White Barbarians do not know the light of the Gods, the face of the earth darkened.

The second advance of the White Barbarians surprised the Ugha Mongulala who lived on the high plateau of the Mato Grosso and at the Bolivian border. These were the most ancient tribal territories of my people. Here their ancestors had lived since the arrival of the Gods 15,000 years ago. The warriors were forced to retreat in the face of the advance by the rubber

gatherers and settlers. Even the main force of the Ugha Mongulala would not have been able to withstand the White Barbarians. They came in enormous numbers. Their leaders had strong, highly superior arms. And so the high council resolved to establish a new frontier of the empire at the Great Cataract in the foothills of the Andes. Here the Ugha Mongulala took up the battle. From here they defended Akakor, having the advantage of the difficult terrain, and they resolved to die for the sake of the bequest of the Former Masters.

In the course of the struggles, the warlords developed new tactics. In the early hours of the morning, when the White Barbarians were still asleep, our warriors crept into the settlements. They incapacitated the guards and carried the huts, which were built on posts, to the river. The sleeping White Barbarians drowned or were eaten by the fish. When the guards regained consciousness, they only found a wide empty space. If they recounted the mysterious event in the neighboring village, nobody believed them. The rubber gatherers thought they had gone crazy. The more frequently these events occurred, the greater was their suspicion and confusion. They began fighting each other. Afraid of new attacks, they withdrew from the forests. The depletion of our resources further accelerated the retreat of the White Barbarians. Even the immeasurable forests were not large enough for their greed, and despising the laws of nature, they caused the number of rubber trees to diminish. The search for the valuable sap became ever more difficult. The majority of the rubber gatherers returned to the eastern shore. Only a few settlements on the upper reaches of the Red River were still inhabited.

The White Barbarians took the land. They proliferated on the banks of the Great River. They had sons and daughters. They cultivated the fields. They built villages from limestone and mortar. They performed great deeds. But they had neither soul nor reason. They did not know the bequest of the Gods. The White Barbarians resembled men. They spoke like men, but they were worse than wild animals.

The Assault on the Capital of the White Barbarians

Since I have been to see the White Barbarians in their own country and come to know them, I have realized that they too have knowledge and

wisdom. Much that they have created would also be worthy of the Ugha Mongulala. But my people judge men by their hearts. And in the hearts of the White Barbarians there is betrayal and darkness. They are false toward their enemies and toward their own brothers. Treachery and cunning are their most important weapons. But we have learned from their deeds. With our courage and our wisdom we can defeat them. This was proved by Sinkaia, a worthy descendant of the Exalted Son of the Gods, Lhasa. Three hundred and eighty-four generations had gone by since his mysterious passing. The chronicle recorded the year 12,401 (1920), when he was acclaimed prince of the Ugha Mongulala. Soon, Sinkaia proved himself to be a whole man. He guided the retreat of the Chosen Servants to the new fortified frontier at the Great Cataract. It was also he who reordered the defense of the empire and commanded a campaign deep into the territory of the White Barbarians. Even today it has remained a symbol of the Ugha Mongulala's valor.

This is the story of the assault on the capital of the White Barbarians. Here we will describe how it happened. Thinking of all the crimes and all the sorrow and all the pain they had caused the Chosen Tribes, Sinkaia decided to wage war. And he spoke thus to the most valiant warriors: "This is the command we give you. Go forward; advance into the country of our enemies. You will avenge your dead brothers. Avenge the blood that has flowed since the arrival of the White Barbarians. Take the best weapons, the fastest bows, the sharpest arrows, and open their breasts. Set their houses on fire, kill their men, but spare their women and children. For even in this war we will honor the bequest of the Ancient Fathers. First go into the Great Temple of the Sun. Take your leave of the Gods, for you will hardly be granted a safe return. But hurry. The messenger with the Golden Arrow is on his way. He hastens ahead of you this day and this night. He brings war to the White Barbarians."

I do not know in what way the chronicle of the White Barbarians describes Sinkaia's campaign. Nor do I know what name they gave to the warriors who penetrated their capital in the light of day. I only know what is written in the Chronicle of Akakor. According to the chronicle of my people, the high council of the White Barbarians had taken fifteen of the most respected men of the Incas prisoner. Sinkaia felt responsible for their fate.

He sent a messenger into the city called Lima and demanded their immediate release. When the leaders of the White Barbarians refused his demand, he sent the messenger with the Golden Arrow as a sign of war. Then eighty selected warriors set out on the road to their enemy's country.

According to our chronicle, the warriors passed through an underground passage which dated back to the Exalted Son of the Gods, Lhasa. It begins in the Great Temple of the Sun in Akakor and finishes in the heart of the capital of the White Barbarians. Its walls are light. Black stones which we call "hour stones" are sunk into the walls at regular intervals to mark the distance. The ways in and out are protected by signs of our Gods, traps, and poisoned arrows. Not even the Incas know the course of the tunnel. After the arrival of the White Barbarians, they had constructed their own subterranean passage. It went from Cuzco via Catamarca into the interior yard of the Lima cathedral. A stone slab bars the passage from the outside world. It is so cleverly sunk into the foundation that it cannot be distinguished from the other slabs. Only those who know the secret can open it.

The eighty selected warriors went through Lhasa's passage. For three moons they moved like shadows through the country of their enemies. Then they reached the capital of the White Barbarians. At dawn they broke out of the underground passage and tried to free the captive Incas. In the ensuing battle, 120 White Barbarians were killed. But the enemy's advantage was too great. None of Sinkaia's warriors returned to Akakor. They gave their lives as faithful servants of the Gods for the Chosen People.

4 THE WISDOM OF THE UGHA MONGULALA

1921—1932

World War I was the result of imperialist power politics and the intensification of nationalist tension. It ended with the absolute defeat of Imperial Germany. The aftermath, however, only renewed political differences and prepared Europe for World War II. In the meantime, the United States had become a world power. The last remnants of the native population were relegated to Indian reservations. Large social and political differences developed in the Latin American countries. Peru, the home of

the Incas, was now governed by 300 families. Eighty percent of the Brazilian population were absolutely dependent on the owners of large estates. In Amazonia, the advance of the white civilization was temporarily suspended at the end of the rubber boom. The Indians of the virgin forests retreated into the forest regions and saved themselves from complete extinction. In 1926, Marshal Rondon established the Indian Protection Service of the Brazilian State, but corruption and crime turned it into a tool of the white upper class.

The New Order of the Empire

Once, my people's voice was a powerful voice. Now it is weak and cannot move the hearts of the White Barbarians. For they are cold even toward their brothers. They have houses large enough for all families of a village, and yet they turn the wanderer away. They hold a large bundle of bananas in their hands, and yet will not give a single fruit to the hungry. But this is the way the White Barbarians act all the time. That is why we have fled into the inaccessible mountain region, although our warriors pressed for war, as it is written in the chronicle:

"We no longer have a mighty army." Thus the warlords spoke before the high council. "Nor do we have any allies or fortresses to protect the empire. Our warriors retreat before the superior forces of the enemy. They are driven over the mountains and through the valleys. But we can still unite; we can still attack with our bows and our arrows. We can attack their villages where they have built houses and where their ships are anchored." Thus the warlords spoke before the high council, and the listeners were moved by their courage.

The planned attack on the settlements of the White Barbarians on the Great River did not occur. The high council decided against another war, one which would have been a hopeless struggle. The Ugha Mongulala warriors were helpless against the enemy's weapons. Therefore the high council concentrated on reordering the remaining territory. To protect it from surprise attacks, the council ordered the establishment of watch posts at the four corners of the empire, at the Great Cataract on the border between Brazil and Bolivia, in the headwater region of the Great River, on the mountains around Machu Picchu, and the northern slopes of Mount Akai.

Every stranger who dared to advance beyond these points was mercilessly killed by the Ugha Mongulala warriors. At the same time, the high council renewed the friendship with the still-loyal Allied Tribes. The only ones left who could be trusted at that time were the Tribe of the Black Hearts, the Tribe of the Great Voice at the Great Cataract, the Tribe of the Demons-Terror on the upper reaches of the Red River, and a few smaller tribes in the eastern forests. Only they had preserved the bequest of the Former Masters.

Their chieftains were initiates. They knew everything about the Chosen People. But they did not break their vow of silence. Their hearts were filled with veneration. They bowed their heads when they remembered the Gods.

The high council also reestablished the inner security of the empire. With their voluntary retreat, the Ugha Mongulala had lost more than three quarters of their country. They were compelled to adjust life in the community to the changed conditions. Women mainly took over work in the fields and were given responsibility to administer and supervise the stores. The men's task was the construction of fortifications and the guarding of the borders. They went hunting and maintained communications with the last Allied Tribes.

And so the years passed without anything decisive happening. The White Barbarians continued to expand their new empires. The Ugha Mongulala lived in retreat according to the bequest of the Gods. All that remained of the old style of life was the fact that warriors still stood on watch at the rivers, as it is written in the chronicle:

So they went forth, the warriors of the Chosen Tribes, armed with bows and arrows. They went as far as the High Mountains and down to the Great River. They passed through flocks of animals and birds, with their knives at the ready and with sharp bamboo lances. And they also went over the Great Cataract where they were to keep watch. They stood at the four paths, at the Blue and at the Black, at the Red and at the Yellow Way. There they stood and stabbed to death the White Barbarians who dared to advance toward Akakor.

The Higher Knowledge of the Priests

The Gods kept us waiting. Although the priests had calculated their return to be close at hand, their golden ships did not appear. My people were alone in their fight against the White Barbarians, who slowly and inexorably were integrating the Great Forest into their empire. But the Ugha Mongulala were not defeated yet. Men still lived according to the laws of Lhasa, protected by the knowledge and the wisdom of our

The Chronicle of Akakor Former Masters.

To make the following comprehensible, I must once again tell about the Golden Age when the Gods still ruled over a vast empire on earth. For thousands of years, the priests have kept and preserved the Gods' bequest. Nothing has been lost, neither the knowledge of the Ancient Fathers nor the secret documents that are kept in the underground Great Temple of the Sun. These are mysterious pictures, maps, and drawings made by the Gods, telling about the enigmatic and dark prehistory of the earth.

One of the maps shows that our moon is not the first and not the only one in the history of the earth. The moon that we know began to approach the earth and to circle around it thousands of years ago. At that time, the world still bore another face. In the west, where the charts of the White Barbarians only show water, was a large island. And a gigantic mass of land was in the northern part of the ocean as well. According to our priests, these two were buried under an enormous tidal wave during the first Great Catastrophe, the war between the two divine races. And they add that this war did not only lay waste to the earth, but also to the worlds of Mars and Venus, as they are called by the White Barbarians.

Based on the documents left by the Gods, our priests know much that has remained hidden to the White Barbarians. They know the smallest and the greatest things on earth, and the matter from which everything is made. They studied the course of the stars and the relationships in nature. They explored the spiritual forces of man, and how to rule and apply them. Our priests have learned how to make objects fly through space, and how to open the body of the sick without touching it. They know how to transfer thought without words. This enables them to communicate with each other over the greatest distances, not in detail, but they can convey whether their hearts are filled with sorrow or joy. But for this kind of communication,

knowledge of the bequest of the Gods and absolute power over mental forces are required.

My people would have nothing to fear of a mental confrontation between us and the White Barbarians. Our enemies do indeed construct mighty tools and powerful weapons. They drill into the earth, under mountains and through rock. They rise into the sky in the belly of a gigantic bird. Like eagles, they fly from cloud to cloud, and their ships are big and powerful and cross the oceans unchallenged. But their arts cannot frighten us. They have not yet built anything that would save them from death or prolong their lives. As yet, they have done nothing that is greater than the feats of the Gods at their time. And all their arts and magic have not made them any happier. But the life of the Ugha Mongulala is simple and directed by the bequest of the Gods. We regard the White Barbarians with contempt when they play at being god.

Therefore the life of the Chosen Tribes was happy. Their laws derived from one single source.

There was only one order. The Chosen Servants acted in accordance with it. In everything they did, they followed the bequest of the Gods. For they taught us how to break the fruit off the tree and how to lift the roots out of the ground. They gave us bow and arrow to protect our body from the enemy. They gave us joy in dancing and playing. They taught us the secret of man, animals, and plants.

Faithful to the wishes of our Former Masters, the priests collected all knowledge and experience and preserved it in the underground dwellings. The objects and documents testifying to the 12,000 years of my people's history are kept in a room which is hewn out of the rock. And here also are the mysterious drawings of our Ancient Fathers. They are engraved in green and blue on a material unknown to us. Neither water nor fire can destroy it. Of Lhasa's time, we still have his golden garment, his strong arms, and the ruler's staff made of a reddish stone. Of the Goths, we have kept the dragon heads of their ships, their winged helmets, their armor, and their iron swords. The first written chronicle of the White Barbarians, which is called the Bible, is also kept here.

More than half of the underground rooms are filled with ornaments and jewelry from the temples of our vacated cities. The tools and writings of the German soldiers who came to us in the year 12,422 (1941) occupy a special place. They gave us their clothes, their weapons, and the sign of their nation, a black cross on a white cloth. It resembles our fire wheels, which the children roll down the mountains at the time of the solstice. Our own symbol dates back to the Ancient Fathers: a red-glowing sun rising out of a deep blue sea.

The most important testimony of the alliance between the German soldiers and the Ugha Mongulala is the agreement between the two nations. It is written in the script of the Ancient Fathers and of the White Barbarians and was signed by the prince and by the leaders of the German soldiers.

Apart from the documents of the past, the underground dwellings also house things of everyday life, such as clay pots, jewelry, and musical instruments. There are many types of flutes made from the jaguar's bones or from fired clay. Wooden rattles and drums are made out of hollow tree trunks and covered with tapir skins. The drumsticks have rubber-covered tips. During the mourning ceremonies in the Great Temple of the Sun, we use large shell horns which give a dark sorrowful sound. Their music accompanies the essential I on the road into the second life.

The greatest treasure of my people, the Chronicle of Akakor, is in a passage lined with gold which connects the Great Temple of the Sun with the underground dwellings. The first part, dealing with the time from the departure of the Gods to the end of the age of blood, is written on animal skins. Since Lhasa, the priests have been using parchment. The entry to the room where the chronicle is kept is guarded by selected warriors who are responsible for the testimony of my people's history. By keeping the chronicle, we can account to the Gods when they return.

A Leader of the White Barbarians in Akakor

My people knew how to preserve the secret of Akakor. During the 12,000 years of history of the Chosen Tribes, very few strangers came into our capital. During the reign of the Exalted Son of the Gods, Lhasa, Samon's ambassadors visited our empire. Three thousand years later, the Incas

discussed war and peace with us. In the twelfth millennium, the Goths came to the eastern shores of the empire. They made contact with our warriors and united with our people. And then came the White Barbarians. To prevent the discovery of Akakor, the Ugha Mongulala gave up the major part of their formerly powerful empire. The few enemies who reached the city of the Gods were exiled to the gold and silver mines forever. A group of white rubber seekers were the only people killed by order of the high council. They had advanced as far as Akakor in the year 12,408 (1927). Their leader called himself Jacob, a man who paid homage to the sign of the cross. As our priests desired to know which God was hidden behind this sign, they summoned an assembly of the whole people. A disputation was held in the eyes of the Chosen Servants, as it is written in the chronicle, in good words, in clear script:

And Jacob stepped in front of the high council. He raised his voice to begin his defense. But a strange feeling overcame him. He saw people in front of him whom he had ordered to be killed, men like himself with white skins and honest faces. And Jacob began to perspire. Blood rose to his head. His mouth was dry. And the powerful weapon slipped from his hands. And in his crazed desperation he prayed to his god. Jacob began to speak about the laws of his people.

"It is better to kill the savages than to let them live, for they are like animals in the forest.

These are my orders. This is the way I must act." Now Magus spoke, the high priest of the Chosen Tribes: "You have spoken about my people like a man who thinks he is a god and can decide on life and death. But do you also know that real life extends beyond death? I, you, all of us, have had an existence before this life. And we will also live after death. Transitory feelings are alien to us. Happiness and sorrow, heat and cold, mean nothing to us. We are free from these passing feelings, really free. And only he who has recognized this truth, the real meaning of life and death, can enter into the second life. For the essential I that dwells in our body is subject neither to time nor space. No one can destroy it, for it is indestructible and knows neither birth nor death. No weapon can hurt it, no fire can burn it, no water can drown it, no heat can sear it. But for you everything ends with death."

"Tell me, priest," said Jacob then, "which is the way of your people? How do you fulfill the laws of your Gods?" And Magus replied: "Two roads lead to this goal: deed and knowledge. You can gain knowledge by right deeds. Without wisdom the goal cannot be reached. The greatest task of my people is the

service to the community. Its worst enemies are greed and wrath." Now Jacob became angry.

His words were angry. He threatened with cold heart: "Even if you kill me, you will not live.

For my people are like the ant. They are indefatigable in their creativity. They recognize no resistance." And murmuring broke out among those present. Bitterness filled the hearts of the people. And the high priest rose up. He spoke the last complete truth: "A person who is tied to nothing, who does not see himself as the tool of the Gods, is not human; he is infamous. He is lost, like the wounded animal in the forest. You White Barbarians have no faith. You deny the will of the Gods. You do not respect even your own god. You do not observe even your own laws. Therefore you shall die, and all your friends with you."

This entry concludes the disputation between Jacob and the high priest Magus. The white rubber seekers were killed. Akakor doubled the watch posts on the rivers.

The Ugha Mongulala waited for the return of the Gods. This period, when the German soldiers arrived, explained in the fourth part of the chronicle, subjected my people to their most difficult trials. The last Allied Tribes renounced their alliance. The Chosen Servants had to flee into the underground dwellings. The only thing left to them was the bequest of the Gods. The White Barbarians could not take that away from us, for it is reflected in every tree, every flower, every stalk of grass, the sea, the sky, the clouds. The Gods extend their hands to all men and do not believe that one should be unequal to the next man or that one should say, "I stand in the sun, you belong in the shadow." By their bequest, all should be in the sun, although we now are compelled to hide in the shadow of the mountains.

Everything is repetition. Nothing passes that cannot be started again. Everything has already happened before: victory and defeat, power and weakness. Since time immemorial, nature has repeated itself. Only the bequest of the Gods remains forever, for all times.

THE BOOK OF THE WATER SERPENT

This is the water serpent; it is strong. Silently it moves through the Great River in search of its enemy. Powerfully it fights against the thousand hands of its hunters. It tears its bonds. For it is free and invincible in its realm.

1 THE GERMAN SOLDIERS

1932—1945

The conditions of the Treaty of Versailles occasioned considerable changes in Europe. Under the pressure of adverse economic conditions, many new ideologies of authoritarian character gained ground. In 1933, Hitler assumed power in Germany with his National Socialist party. His ruthless policy of expansion led to World War II, whose ramifications extended to other continents. The Latin American countries at first adopted a laissez-faire attitude toward National Socialism. After the outbreak of hostilities in 1939, Hitler tried to induce the Brazilian President Vargas into an alliance and offered him several steel plants in compensation. However, under pressure of the U.S.A., Brazil declared war on Germany in 1942. Hostilities on the South American continent were restricted to secret commando actions by the German army, which were supported by the large German colonies there. Within this period, the fate of the Indians was not appreciably changed. For the second time, an army of rubber cutters advanced into the Amazon region to secure the valuable raw material for the Allies. The native population retreated ever further into the inaccessible virgin forest regions.

The Assault on the Settlement Santa Maria

The Chronicle of Akakor records everything that happened to the Ugha Mongulala, including the alliance with the German soldiers who came and remained with us forever. All this is written in the chronicle:

The White Barbarians were numerous. Some had settled in communities. Others came and walked the paths. And they shrieked like the great forest bird and growled like the jaguar. They wanted to make the Chosen Servants afraid. They wanted to drive off the warriors and exterminate the last of the Chosen Tribes. And the high council spoke thus: "We must fight the strangers. We must kill the White Barbarians. They murder our women, rob our land, and adore false gods. We will pierce their ears and elbows and deprive them of their manhood. We will kill them, one after the other. And if one or two are abroad, ambush them. Scatter their blood on the paths, and place their head on the river bank where many of our warriors found their death."

The White Barbarians war of conquest ended with the retreat of the rubber cutters. Only small groups of adventurers and prospectors ventured beyond the border at the Great Cataract. They advanced to the inner region of Akakor and engaged in a fierce struggle with our scouts which was fought with terrible cruelty on both sides. The White Barbarians attacked the villages of the Allied Tribes and killed men, women, and children. The Ugha Mongulala took the advance posts prisoner, scratched their feet, and threw them into the river, where their blood attracted carnivorous fish that devoured them alive. Others were bound up and left to the wild animals of the liana wilderness.

Larger battles were rare; there was one in 12,417 (1936). One expedition led by white priests had advanced into the territory of the Allied Tribe of Black Hearts. They had set fire to their huts and searched their tombs for gold. That was a breach of the divine laws which demanded expiation. Prince Sinkaia, who had also given the order for the attack on Lima, placed himself at the head of the Ugha Mongulala. With chosen warriors, he attacked a settlement of the White Barbarians on the upper reaches of the Black River called Santa Maria. He ordered all men to be killed and all houses to be burned down. Only the four women of the village survived the attack, and they were taken prisoner. Three drowned in an attempt to escape on the return to Akakor. The fourth woman reached the capital of the empire of the Ugha Mongulala. With her arrival in the year 12,413, a new chapter begins in the history of my people. For the first time, a White Barbarian brought neither harm nor sorrow to the Ugha Mongulala. And for

the first time the prince of the Chosen Tribes allied himself to the blood of an alien people, against the wishes of the high council but with the approval of the priests.

Reinha, as the captive woman was called, came from a distant country called Germany. White priests had sent her to Brazil to convert the Degenerated Tribes to the sign of the cross. Her work made her familiar with the life of the ancient people on the Great River. She had seen their distress and knew about their desperate struggle for survival. After she had been taken prisoner, Reinha soon gained the confidence of my people. She helped the sick and bound the wounds of the warriors. She exchanged her knowledge with the priests and spoke about the heritage of her people. Prince Sinkaia, who had observed her closely, became deeply attached to Reinha. When she reciprocated his feelings and showed herself prepared to renounce the sign of the cross, he elevated her to the rank of princess of the Ugha Mongulala.

Now we will tell of all the names and titles. We will record the names of all those who came to Akakor to celebrate the union between Reinha and the prince. The prince of the Chosen Tribes was Sinkaia, the firstborn son of Uma, the venerable descendant of the Exalted Son of the Gods, Lhasa. At his side stood the high priest Magus and the supreme warlord Ina. These were the first of the people who paid homage to the new princess. They were followed by the high council, the lords of the House of Hama, the House of Magus, and the House of Maid. And the warriors also gathered. Even the ordinary people hurried to the ceremony. All saluted the new mistress with due awe.

Reinha in Akakor

The union between Reinha and Sinkaia changed the life of my people. The new princess of the Ugha Mongulala was the first woman to share the prince's rule. She attended the meetings of the high council and initiated important decisions. At her recommendation, Sinkaia ordered equal rights for all Allied Tribes. Up to Reinha's arrival in Akakor, they had been subject to heavy payments of tribute and war duty. Now Sinkaia annulled one of the laws of the Ancient Fathers. He granted them the same rights as those enjoyed by the Ugha Mongulala, as it is written in the chronicle:

So the equality of all tribes was introduced. Archers and lance throwers, slingers and scouts, elders and warlords—all titles and offices were now open to all. Only the office of prince and the ranks of the priests were reserved to the Chosen People, the legitimate descendants of the Former Masters.

From this point on, the Allied Tribes had equal rights. To prevent them from committing treason, the high council introduced the death penalty. This was also a breach of the Ancient Fathers' order. According to their bequest, the greatest crimes were punished with exile. But the Golden Age was a thing of the past. Instead of the wise and farsighted Gods, the White Barbarians determined the fate of the continent. They governed according to their own laws, and with their treachery and cunning, they brought unrest to the Allied Tribes. Fifteen of the most trusted tribes had already been gulled by their hypocritical promises and had been converted to the sign of the cross. The high council hoped to stave off the danger of treason at least temporarily by introducing the death penalty.

At the end of the rainy season of the year 12,418 (1937) an event occurred in Akakor that had been hopefully anticipated for a long time: Reinha bore Sinkaia a son. I, Tatunca Nara, am Sinkaia's firstborn son, the legitimate prince of the Ugha Mongulala, as it is written in the chronicle:

This is the story of the birth of the firstborn son of the Prince Sinkaia. Like the sun's rays in the early morning, the news spread over the whole country, and great was the joy of the Chosen Servants. Warmth filled their hearts.

Suddenly their sorrow disappeared, and their thoughts were easy. For Sinkaia was much respected and his family highly regarded. The succession of Lhasa's house was safe for it could no longer become extinct. The race of the prince, the supreme servant of the Former Masters, could no longer pass away. So spoke the people, and so spoke the warriors. Only the high priest sat wrapped in silence. And he performed the prescribed invocations. To interpret the future, he opened the tree. But red sap flowed from the tree and ran into the bowl. It formed the shape of a heart. And the juice that flowed out was like real blood. Then the blood congealed. A shiny crust covered the sap, enclosing a terrible secret.

The last prince had been born, the last of Lhasa's kin.

The Alliance with Germany

Four years after her marriage to Sinkaia, Reinha returned to her people. Not as a refugee; rather, she set out as the ambassador of the Ugha Mongulala. Taking a secret route, she reached the settlements of the White Barbarians on the eastern shore of the ocean. A big ship took her home. Reinha stayed with her people for twelve moons. Then the scouts announced her impending arrival in Akakor. But this time the princess of the Chosen Tribes was accompanied by three high leaders of her people. Sinkaia summoned the elders, the warlords, and the priests to welcome them. The ordinary folk and the warriors also gathered to gaze at the alien visitors. In the following days, the high council and the leaders of the Germans had many conversations at which Reinha was also present. They exchanged their knowledge and discussed a common future. Then they came to an agreement. The Ugha Mongulala and the Germans made an agreement which

could once again have given a completely different turn to the fate of the Ugha Mongulala.

Before I talk about the details of this agreement, I must once again describe the misery and despair of my people in these years. The war continued at all four corners of the empire. Great numbers of our warriors were killed by the terrible weapons of the White Barbarians. Our enemies pressed their advance to such an extent that my people could no longer even bury their dead according to the ancient rules. Their bodies decomposed on the ground like fallen blossoms. The women's laments and cries of pain filled all of Akakor. In the Great Temple of the Sun, the priests implored the Ancient Fathers for their help. But the sky remained empty. The Chosen Tribes suffered from starvation. In their despair they gnawed the bark of the trees and ate the lichen growing on the rocks. Discord and quarrels arose. It was only a matter of time before the Ugha Mongulala would have to give up their struggle against the White Barbarians. Like a jaguar that has been trapped, they fought desperately against their imminent extinction.

This was the life of my people when the high council concluded the alliance with the German leaders. They promised the Ugha Mongulala the same

powerful weapons the White Barbarians used. Two thousand soldiers were to show them the use of the equipment. They would be responsible for building strong fortifications and gaining new arabic land. But the decisive part of the agreement referred to the war planned for the year 12,425 (1944). Our allies intended to land on the Brazilian coast and occupy all larger cities. The Ugha Mongulala warriors were to support the campaign by raids on the settlements of the White Barbarians in the interior. After the expected victory, Brazil was to be divided into two territories: The German soldiers would claim the provinces on the coast; the Ugha Monguiala would be satisfied with the region on the Great River that had been given to them by the Gods 12,000 years ago. This was the agreement between the high council of Akakor and the leaders from Germany.

The German leaders were wise and their thoughts had judgment. Their words expressed their hearts. And they said: "We must leave. We must return where our people are forging the mighty weapons. But we will not forget you. We will remember your words. We will return soon. We shall come back to destroy your enemies." So they spoke when they departed. And then they went home to their powerful people.*

• (Editor's note: It must be assumed that Tatunca Nara's people knew nothing of Hitler or the Third Reich and therefore accepted their help gratefully.)

The alliance with Germany gave the Ugha Mongulala their old confidence. In a moment of direst need they had found a new ally to reestablish their empire. They took new courage. The grief of the women was forgotten; the time of hunger was gone; the sun shone again in its old brilliance. The priests record that Sinkaia called all the people to a big feast in Akakor, where he ordered that the last stores be distributed. He ordered the scribes to read aloud from the Chronicle of Akakor, about the rebirth of the empire under the Exalted Son of the Gods, Lhasa, the arrival of the Goths, and the Golden Age of the Gods. For the first time in many years, joy could again be seen on the faces of the Chosen Servants. Men and women adorned themselves with colored stones and threads. They danced exuberantly to the sound of bone flutes and drums. The priests relate that the feast lasted three days. Then the German leaders left Akakor and returned to their homeland.

The 2,000 German Soldiers in Akakor

The first German soldiers crossed the frontier of Akakor in the dry season of 12,422 (1941). Over the following years, new groups continued to arrive until the agreed upon number of 2,000 had been reached. In

12,426 (1945) the last Germans reached the capital of the Ugha Mongulala. After that, all communication with the German government ceased.

I learned the route the German soldiers took from their own country to Akakor from their reports. Their point of departure was a city called Marseilles. They had been told that their destination was England. Only on board the ship, which was able to move underwater like a fish, were they told of their actual destination.

After traveling for three weeks on the eastern ocean, they arrived at the mouth of the Great River. Here a smaller vessel had been waiting for them, which took them to the upper reaches of the Black River. On the last part of their journey, they were accompanied by scouts of the Ugha Mongulala. They made their way to the Great Cataract on the border between Brazil and Peru on canoes and were at that point barely twenty hours' walk away from Akakor. Altogether, the German soldiers' journey took them five moons.

So the German soldiers reached Akakor. And so they established themselves. They came open-heartedly. They brought gifts and a thousand and one powerful weapons for the fight against the White Barbarians. And the high council spoke thus: "This is the beginning of the empire's rebirth. No longer need the Chosen Servants flee. The warriors return with honor to the struggle. They will avenge the crimes of the White Barbarians. For they are owls' servants and are lusting for war; they are seducers and blasphemers. Their hearts are false, black and white at the same time. But the bequest of the Gods will be fulfilled. They are facing death."

The arrival of the German soldiers in Akakor gave rise to a period of intense activity. The new allies trained

1,000 warriors of the Ugha Mongulala in the use of the new weapons for which we have no names even today. In the language of our allies they are called rifles, automatic pistols, revolvers, hand grenades, double-edged knives, inflatable boats, tents, gas masks, telescopes, and other mysterious war equipment. Chosen scouts brought news about the impending war to the Ugha Mongulala. The hunters laid in large stores of meat. The women wove and made shoes for the men. Under the instruction of the German soldiers they also made large leather pouches. These were filled with an easily inflammable brown liquid that came from secret sources in the mountains known only to the priests. In case of a surprise attack by the enemy, the warriors were to pour this liquid into the rivers and set fire to it. A single torch would be sufficient to turn the rivers into a gigantic sea of flames. During these preparations for war in Akakor, an army of 12,000 warriors with German soldiers in command gathered at the eastern frontier of the empire on the upper reaches of the Red and Black Rivers. The men waited for the agreed sign to attack. They wanted to wage a just war which could only end with victory.

Now we want to tell of Akakor, of the festivals in the Great Temple of the Sun, and the prayers of the priests. They lifted their faces to the sky; they implored the Gods for help. This was the cry of their hearts: "Oh beautiful light, heart of heaven, heart of the earth, donor of abundance.

Give us your strength, grant us your power. Let our warriors achieve victory on the roads and the paths, in the ravine and on the waters, in the forest and in the liana wilderness."

The war never took place. At exactly the time when the German leaders thought that victory was theirs, they lost. The last group of German soldiers, accompanied by women and children, reported the absolute defeat of their people. The superior forces of the enemy had destroyed their country and laid waste to the land.

Only precipitate flight had saved them from captivity. From now on, no help could be expected from Germany.

The arrival of the last German soldiers caused dismay and despair in my people. Since their allies could not land on the eastern coast of Brazil, war

against the White Barbarians was impossible. Hope in the rebirth of the empire faltered. The high council ordered the warriors to return to Akakor. Together with the other members of the Ugha Mongulala they decided on the fate of the German soldiers, whose presence in the capital was connected with almost insoluble problems. They belonged to an alien world unfamiliar with the bequest of the Gods. They lived according to different laws and understood neither our language nor our script. But my people could not send them back to their own country either. The allies would be taken into captivity and betray the secret of Akakor. Reluctantly, the high council decided to grant Reinha's request. The Chosen Servants accepted the German soldiers forever. Like the Goths 1,500 years earlier, they became an integral part of my people, linked to them according to the bequest of the Gods.

The Chronicle of Akakor

2 THE NEW PEOPLE

1945—1968

World War II produced millions of dead, missing, and wounded. Many countries of the world experienced severe financial and economic disruptions. Suspicion and fear created two power blocs divided by mutually hostile ideologies. So far, this conflict has not had many repercussions on the South American continent. The extermination of the forest Indians reached a new peak. The Brazilian Indian Protection Service, it was discovered, was a tool of economic pressure groups for the extinction of the native population. Within twenty years, eighty Indian tribes fell victim to white power intrigues and civilization's diseases. The survivors retreated to the inaccessible headwater regions of the rivers.

The Life of the German Soldiers in Akakor

I am only a single man, but I speak with the voice of my people. My heart is that of the Ugha Mongulala. Whatever may burden the heart of my people, I will tell. The Chosen Tribes no longer want war. But they are not afraid of dying. They do not hide behind the rocks. They do not fear death because it is part of our lives. The White Barbarians are afraid of death. Only when

they are seized by a storm or when their lives flicker to an end do they remember that there are powers superior to them and gods higher than themselves. During the day the idea of death is merely annoying, and only keeps them from their strange pleasures and joys. The White Barbarians know that their god is not well pleased with them and that they ought to prostrate themselves in shame. For they are filled with nothing but hatred, greed, and hostility. Their hearts are like large pointed hooks when they ought to be a source of light that can defeat darkness and can brighten and warm the world. Therefore we must fight as it is written in the chronicle:

All had gathered, the tribes of the Chosen Servants and the Allied Peoples, all small and large tribes. They were all gathered at the same place, where they awaited the decision of the high council. Humbly they stood, having made their way under much hardship. And the high priest spoke: "What have we done that the White Barbarians should pursue us like animals and invade our country like the prowling jaguar? We have come to a sorry pass. Oh, that the sun would shine to bring us peace." The high priest spoke in grief and distress, with sighs and tears. For the high council wanted to wage war, the last war in the history of the Chosen People.

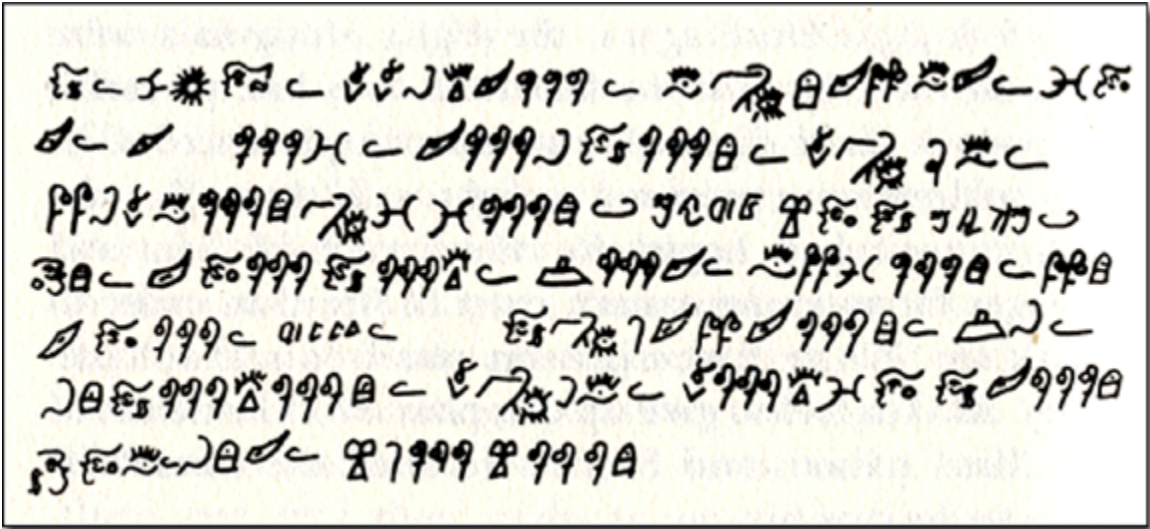
The dream of the empire's rebirth was shattered when communications with Germany were broken off in

12,426 (1945). Once again, the Ugha Mongulala were on their own. But for the first time they had powerful weapons at their disposal, and 2,000 experienced German soldiers were prepared to fight with them. But the high council had hoped for the arrival of new and stronger forces at the eastern coast of Brazil in order to attack the White Barbarians on two fronts simultaneously. Akakor had to give up this plan after the defeat of the allied nation, and Sinkaia recalled the assembled army to the capital.

At this time the 2,000 German soldiers began to become integrated into the Chosen People. This was a difficult task. These allies knew neither the bequest of the Gods, nor our language, nor our script. To facilitate the union, the priests simplified the written symbols of the Ancient Fathers. They designated a single sign for each letter in the German soldiers' writing. They then used these signs that were understood by both nations to record events in the Chronicle of Akakor. The Ugha Mongulala adopted

those words of the German soldiers that described equipment hitherto unknown to us. They also learned words that express an activity, such as *make*, *run*, or *build*. Soon the German soldiers and the Ugha Mongulala communicated in a language that was composed of German and Quechua.

Now the Germans could attend the priests' schools and learn of the bequest of the Gods. As the German soldiers were proven in battle, the high council entrusted them with important administrative offices. Two of their highest leaders assumed the office of supreme warlord. Another five were appointed members of the meeting of elders. They each had a vote and were able to participate in decision making. Only the offices of prince and high priest remained explicitly reserved for the Ugha Mongulala.



Sample of the simplified script of the Ancient Fathers following the arrival of the German soldiers

Thus did the high priest speak to the allies: "Do not be grieved that you will see your brothers no more. You have lost them forever. For all eternity the Gods have separated you from them.

But do not be discouraged; be strong. Let us face our destiny together. Here we are, your new brothers. Together let us serve the Ancient Fathers." And the German soldiers started to work.

To prove themselves in the eyes of the Gods, they took up their tools and did the same work as the Chosen People.

The presence of the German soldiers changed the life of the Ugha Mongulala. With their mysterious tools they built strong wooden houses. They made tables, chairs, and beds, and they improved the loom of the Goths. They taught the women how to fashion new garments that cover the whole body. They showed the men how to use their arms and how to make underground shelters. To provide for sufficient food in times of need, they cleared the bush in the valleys, and planted corn and potatoes. They raised large herds of mountain lambs in the high mountains. In this way, the supply of meat and wool was assured. But the greatest innovation of the allies was the production of a mysterious powder made from stone and green sand. Even a small quantity was sufficient to destroy a whole house. The Germans used this black powder, as they called it, for their weapons. The invisible arrows were made from glowing iron. They poured it through a sieve into a trough of cold water. Round bullets were formed on immersion, and these were the invisible arrows of their guns.

With the passage of time, the German soldiers became increasingly assimilated into the community of my people. They founded their own families and gave their sons the names of wild animals, strong trees, rushing rivers, and high mountains, following the example of the Chosen Tribes. They fulfilled their war duty, worked in the fields, and lived according to Lhasa's rules. It appeared as though they might soon forget their own country. But like the jaguar who always returns to his hunting grounds, they could not obliterate the memory of Germany. At the end of each moon they met for a feast at Mount Akai, sang the songs of their people, and drank fermented corn juice. Their leaders played chess. (This is what the German soldiers called a game on a painted board with wooden figures.) Then they returned again to Akakor and lived with their families.

Wars in Peru

A new advance by white settlers started in the West in the year 12,444 (1963). They had discovered the hidden gold mines of the Incas and started pillaging them. The news of the gold brought ever greater hordes of White Barbarians to the Akai region. Our scouts had to flee. The high council was faced with a difficult decision: It could give up the last territory on the eastern slopes of the Andes or order the warriors of the Ugha Mongulala into battle. At the insistence of the German soldiers, war was declared.

I myself can give a detailed report on the ensuing struggle with the White Barbarians. As Prince Sinkaia's son, the high council entrusted me with the supreme command of the Ugha Mongulala forces. A German officer accompanied me on the campaign. In forced marches, my warriors penetrated deeply into the border province of Peru. They drove off the White Barbarians and destroyed the Inca gold mines. Our enemies fled in panic from the conquered territory. But the initial success of my warriors came abruptly to a halt when a white army mounted a counterattack. Only a fast retreat saved us from complete extinction. The pursuing White Barbarians attacked the settlements of the Allied Tribe of the Great Voice. They killed women and children and enslaved the captured men. It seemed inevitable that they would discover Akakor. Because of this, the high council decided to use the weapons of the German soldiers.

And for the first time, the White Barbarians encountered their equal in battle. In a rapid counterattack, my warriors destroyed the advance guard of the white soldiers and trapped their main force in the fortress called Maldonado. Then the siege started. For three days, our big war drums caused the enemy great confusion.

For three days, the drums called forth fear and terror. In the early morning of the fourth day, I gave the order to attack. We broke out of our hiding places, scaled the walls, and advanced on the fortress with loud war cries. The embittered struggle ended with the complete defeat of our enemies. By the time the enemy's relief arrived, my warriors had long since retreated.

This brilliant victory initiated a bloody guerrilla war on the western frontiers of the empire that is still going on today. Although the White Barbarians have mobilized a powerful army, they have not succeeded in advancing to Akakor. Their soldiers have repeatedly been driven off or killed by our warriors. But my people have also suffered heavy losses in this struggle. Innumerable men lost their lives. More than half of the fertile territory on the eastern slopes of the Andes has been destroyed. Our last Allied Tribes have lost confidence in the strength of the Chosen People and are turning away from us.

What will be? The Chosen Tribes are hungry. They have eaten the grass on the fields. The bark of the trees was their food. They were poor. They owned nothing. Animal skins were their only clothes. But the White Barbarians did not give them peace. They advanced without mercy. The warriors were brutally defeated. The whites wanted to wipe the Chosen People off the face of the earth.

The Twelve Generals of the White Barbarians

The eastern frontier remained calm during the fight against the prospectors and the white settlers. Since the withdrawal of the rubber seekers, the White Barbarians had limited themselves to occasional advances along the Red River. They did not dare to advance further because they suspected the presence of evil spirits in the liana wilderness of the Andes. In this way, the Ugha Mongulala remained undisturbed, protected by the superstition of the White Barbarians.

Only in the year 12,449 (1968) was the peace broken. An airplane—in the language of the German soldiers— had crashed on the upper reaches of the Red River. The Allied Tribe of Black Hearts, which lived in this region, took the survivors captive and sent the news to Akakor. Sinkaia, the prince of the Ugha Mongulala, ordered me to kill the White Barbarians. But I did not execute his order. To preserve peace on the eastern frontier, I set them free and conducted them to their city, Manus, on the Great River. Because I disregarded my father's explicit order, I was subject to the death penalty. But who would have punished me? The Ugha Mongulala had tired of the eternal war and longed for peace.

I will never forget the time in Manaus. For the first time I saw how the cities of the White Barbarians differ from the settlements of the Ugha Mongulala. The streets were filled with innumerable people running, rushing, hastening. They tore through the city in strange vehicles they call automobiles as if they were pursued by evil spirits. These vehicles are terribly noisy and spread evil smells. The dwellings of the White Barbarians are ten and twenty times as high as the

houses built by my people. Nevertheless, each family owns only a small part where they pile up their possessions and their wealth. All these things and objects are obtained at certain places that exist only for this purpose. But one cannot just take whatever one needs. No, for everything one has to tender a small piece of paper which has great value in the eyes of the White Barbarians. They call it money. The more money somebody has, the more respect he commands. Money makes him powerful and raises him above the others like a God. This leads to everybody cheating and exploiting the other. The hearts of the White Barbarians are filled with constant malice, even toward their own brothers.

The city of the White Barbarians is incomprehensible to the Ugha Mongulala. It is like an ant heap, busy all through the day and night. As soon as the sun has run its course and has disappeared behind the western hills, the White Barbarians illuminate their streets and houses with big lamps so that they are as bright at night as they are during the day. Attracted by the brilliant lights, they go to large halls where they consume the strangest beverages. Only in this way do they achieve joy, gladness, and exuberance. Others sit in darkened rooms in front of a white wall and gaze at living pictures with wide-open eyes. Others again stand in front of display cases which line the fronts of buildings and admire the objects that are before them.

I do not understand the White Barbarians. They live in a world of sham and illusion. To lengthen the day, they kill the night with their lamps so that no tree, no plant, no animal, and no stone achieves its deserved rest. They work untiringly like the ant, and nevertheless they sigh and moan as if they were being crushed under the burden. They may think joyful thoughts, but they do not laugh. They may have sorrowful thoughts, but they do not weep

either. These are people whose senses live in enmity with their spirits and are divided against themselves.

In Manaus I learned that my former captives were high officers. They showed their gratitude for their rescue in giving me a second name, Nara. Tatunca, my first name, means "great water serpent." I bear this name since I defeated the most dangerous creature on the Great River. In the language of my people, Nara means "I do not know." That was my reply when the white officers asked me for the name of my family. This is how the name Tatunca Nara arose—"great water serpent I do not know."

I stayed in the city of the White Barbarians for a short period only. Scarcely a moon after my arrival, a scout of the Black Hearts brought me news from Akakor. My father, Prince Sinkaia, had been severely wounded in a fight with soldiers of the White Barbarians, and he demanded my immediate return. I took leave of the white officers and reached the tribal fastness of my people at the beginning of the rainy season of the year 12,449. A few days later, my father died of his wounds. The Ugha Mongulala were without a leader, as it is written in the chronicle:

Sinkaia had died, the legitimate successor of the Exalted Son of the Gods, Lhasa. And the Chosen Warriors wept bitterly for him. They intoned the plaint of light, for Sinkaia, the prince of princes, had left them. He had not committed any crime and had not put injustice in the place of justice. He had been a worthy successor of Lhasa and had ruled like him when the wind came from the south, when the wind came from the north, when the wind came from the west, and when the wind came from the east. And so Sinkaia entered into the second life. Accompanied by the plaints of his people, he rose in the eastern sky.

The Chronicle of Akakor **The New Prince**

Three days after his death, Sinkaia, the legitimate prince of the Chosen Servants, was buried in the Great Temple of the Sun in lower Akakor. The priests carried his body, adorned with gold and jewels, to the graven niche which with his own hands he had hewn out of the rock, and they walled him in. Then, in the presence of the closest confidants of the prince, the high priest pronounced the prescribed words:

Gods of the heavens and of the earth who determine and rule man's fate, Gods of permanence and of eternity, princes of eternity, hear my prayer: Accept him in your realm. Do not forget his deeds, the deeds of the great Prince Sinkaia. For his life returns to you, Gods. It now obeys your orders. It will never leave you. It will continue with you, in the realm of eternity, in the realm of light.

During Sinkaia's burial, ominous signs appeared in the sky. The Ugha Mongulala warriors suffered heavy defeats. The Allied Tribe of the Serpent Eaters renounced Akakor and went over to the side of the White Barbarians. The rainy season came with such violence that even the eldest of the people had never experienced anything like it. Despair and fear spread through the Chosen Tribes. Under these signs, the high council assembled to elect the new prince and legitimate ruler of the Ugha Mongulala. According to the bequest of the Gods I was summoned to the throne chamber of the underground dwellings, and the council questioned me for three days and three nights on the history of the Chosen Tribes. Then the high priest escorted me into the secret regions of lower Akakor. Now my destiny was in the hands of the Gods.

I entered the secret temple complex in the early morning shortly after sunrise. Wrapped in Lhasa's golden garment, I descended a broad staircase. It led into a room, and even now I cannot say whether it was large or small. The ceiling and walls were of a bluish infinite color. They had neither beginning nor end. On a hewn stone slab were bread and a bowl of water, the signs of life and death. Following the high priest's instructions, I knelt down and ate of the bread and drank of the water. A deep silence lay over the room. Suddenly a voice that seemed to come from everywhere commanded me to rise and to go into the next room, which resembled the Great Temple of the Sun. Its walls were covered with many diverse strange instruments. They shimmered and glittered in all colors. Three large slabs sunk into the floor glowed like iron. For a long time I stared wonderingly at the strange instruments. Then I again heard the mysterious voice. It led me still further and deeper into a third room. My eyes were so dazzled by the bright light that I took a long time to recognize a sight I will never forget. In the middle of the room whose walls radiated the mysterious light stood four blocks of transparent stone. When, filled with awe, I was able to approach

them, I discovered in them four mysterious creatures: four living dead, four sleeping humans, three men and one woman. They lay in a liquid that covered them to their breasts. They were like humans in every respect—only they had six fingers and six toes.

I cannot remember how long I stayed with the sleeping Gods. I only know that the same voice called me back to the first room. It gave me advice full of wisdom and revealed to me the future of the Chosen Tribes. But the voice forbade me to talk about it at any time. After my return from the secret temple complex thirteen days later, the high priest greeted me as the new legitimate ruler of the Ugha Mongulala. The people were jubilant: I had passed the trial of the Gods. Nevertheless, the exultation of the Chosen Servants hardly touched me. I had been impressed too deeply by the mysterious creatures. Were they alive or were they dead? Were they the Gods? Who had placed them there? Even the high priest did not know the answer. The secret temple complex of lower Akakor contains the knowledge and the wisdom of the Ancient Fathers. They only surrendered part of the bequest to us. They preserved the ultimate truth, the actual secret of their lives.

Such were the Gods. They possessed reason, knowledge, and farsightedness. When they looked, they saw everything: every grain of dust on the earth and in the sky, even the distant hidden things. They knew the future, and they planned according to their knowledge. Looking ahead in night and darkness, they protected the fate of mankind.

3 TATUNCA NARA

1968—1970

The development of the large oil deposits in the jungle regions of Peru ushered in the third phase of the economic opening up of Amazonia by white civilization. Peru now colonized the previously virginal territory of the Madre de Dios province, and Brazil decided on the construction of the Transamazonica. This further accelerated the extinction of the Indian tribes. They succumbed to the diseases of the white settlers and lost their last territories. Five hundred years after the discovery of America, the former

forest population of 8 million has been reduced to a mere 150,000 survivors.

The Plan of the Warlords

When my father was still alive, he showed me the land in the east and in the west, and I saw no other people but the Ugha Mongulala and their Allied Tribes. After many years I went to look again, and I saw that alien peoples had come to deprive the rightful owners of their heritage. Why? Why did the Ugha Mongulala have to give up their country and roam over the mountains,

wishing the skies would crush them? Once long ago, the Ugha Mongulala were a great people. Today only a few are left and they have nothing but a small area in the mountains. And they still have the Chronicle of Akakor, the recorded history of my people, the oldest people on earth. Until today, the chronicle was not known to the White Barbarians. Now I am revealing it to spread the truth, for this is my task as the chieftain of the Allied Tribes and as the prince of the Chosen People.

Two years had gone by since the death of Sinkaia, the incomparable prince. And the Chosen Servants assembled, together with the German soldiers and the Allied Tribes. All classes and races assembled to take counsel and to seek for a way to save the people. And even those who had no houses and who walked alone through the forest, even they came to Akakor. For their need was great. The sun shone but faintly. The sky was covered with clouds. The people lived in poverty. They roamed the woods, fleeing their enemies. They lifted their faces to the sky.

They implored the Gods. They begged for help in their struggle against the White Barbarians.

A few months after I had assumed power in Akakor in the year 12,449 (1968) the fight at the western frontier flared up again with renewed force. The leaders of our enemies attacked the Allied Tribe of Black Hearts and took its chieftain captive. In this way they thought to discourage his warriors and to force them to renounce the alliance with Akakor. But once again the White Barbarians failed. In spite of their cruel torture, they could not subdue the warriors of this last and still loyal ally. Whenever an Ugha Mongulala was captured, he followed the rule of the warlords. He took

neither food nor drink for seven days; then he commended his life to the Gods and died.

To prevent the discovery of Akakor by airplanes, I gave orders to camouflage all temples, palaces, and houses with bamboo and reed matting. I had the watch-towers outside Akakor destroyed and replaced with pitfalls. After a few moons the capital had been overgrown by the forests to such an extent that even the Allied Tribes had difficulties in locating it. The access to Akakor was now completely closed to white hunters and prospectors. They found nothing but abandoned ruins on their forays. They suspected the work of evil spirits and retreated behind the frontier at the Great Cataract.

But the "evil spirits" did not live in the forests; they lived in Akakor. The warlords of the Ugha Mongulala and the leaders of the German soldiers observed the growing power of the White Barbarians with terror. They planned a campaign to Cuzco, deep in enemy territory. They had already started on the necessary preparations. The Allied Tribes were also prepared. Only the prince's approval had yet to be given, according to the bequest of the Gods. Despite the urging of both German soldiers and the warlords, I

rejected the war plan. My experience in Manaus had convinced me of the futility of such an undertaking. Our enemies were too numerous. My people were not up to their treachery and cunning. In addition, I was afraid that the struggle would spread. The secret of Akakor was at risk. Therefore I dispatched the impatient warlords and the leaders of the German soldiers to the dangerous frontiers. I tried to establish closer contact with the priests to strengthen my position as prince. They also did not believe in the success of a major war and advised a slow withdrawal into the underground dwellings of the Gods. But I had not yet lost all hope. Since all my warriors' feats had been unsuccessful, I would now try peace.

The High Priest of the White Barbarians

So it is written in the Chronicle of Akakor:

Great was the distress of the Chosen Servants. The sun was burning the soil; the fruits were drying out on the fields. A terrible drought spread. People were starving in the mountains and in the valleys, in the plains and in the forests. This seemed to be the destiny of the Chosen Servants: to be extinguished, wiped off the earth. This seemed to be the will of the Gods, who no longer remembered their brothers of the same blood and the same father.

The year 12,450 (1969) saw the beginning of a terrible drought. The rainy season was delayed by several moons. Game retreated into the headwater regions of the rivers. Seeds dried on the fields. To save my people from starvation, I came to a desperate decision. In agreement with the priests, but without the knowledge of the high council and the warlords, I went to contact the White Barbarians. Dressed in the clothes of the German soldiers, I left Akakor and after a laborious journey, I reached Rio Branco, one of their great cities on the border between Brazil and Bolivia. Here I addressed myself to the high priest of the White Barbarians to whom I had been introduced by the twelve white officers. I revealed to him the secret of Akakor and told him about the distress of my people. As proof of my story, I gave him two documents of the Gods, and they did indeed convince the white high priest. He granted my request and returned with me to Akakor.

The arrival of the white high priest in Akakor led to violent arguments with the high council. The elders and the warlords rejected all contact with him. To prevent any possible betrayal, they even demanded his captivity. Only the priests were prepared to discuss a just peace. After endless arguments, the high council granted the white high priest a period of six months in which he would tell his own people about the terrible plight of the Ugha Mongulala. To support his tale, he was given several writings of the Ancient Fathers. If he was not able to convince the White Barbarians, he was bound to return the documents to Akakor.

For six months, our scouts waited at the agreed upon meeting place on the upper Red River. The white high priest did not return. (Only later I learned that he had lost his life in an airplane accident. He had, however, sent the documents to a distant city called Rome. This is what his servants said, in any case.) After the agreed upon time had expired, I summoned the high

council to discuss the destiny of my people. The elders and the priests were disappointed and demanded war. And again I refused. I rejected their decision by my right of three vetoes as the prince of the Ugha Mongulala. What the white high priest had not achieved I was going to try myself.

This is the farewell of Tatumca, the legitimate prince of the Chosen Tribes. He was strong. He left his people. Like the great water serpent, he silently approached the enemy. He set out alone, protected by the prayers of the priests in the Great Temple of the Sun: "Oh, ye Gods!

Defend him against his enemies in this time of darkness, in this night of evil shadows. May he not falter. May he vanquish the hatred of the White Barbarians and overcome their treachery and cunning. For the Chosen People long for peace." And so Tatumca set out on the difficult road. Accompanied by the eyes of the Gods, he descended into the ravine, crossed the rushing river, and he did not stumble. He reached the other bank. He went on ahead until he came to the place where the White Barbarians have erected their houses made from limestone and

The Chronicle of Akakor mortar.

Tatumca Nara in the Country of the White Barbarians

In the year 12,451 (1970) I spent eight moons in the land of our worst enemies. I will never forget this time. It was the bitterest experience of my life and clearly showed me how different the hearts of both peoples are. Only wealth, power, and violence count for the White Barbarians. Their thoughts are entangled like the brush in the Great Swamps where nothing green and fertile can grow. But the Ugha Mongulala live according to the bequest of the Gods. And they allotted to all tribes and peoples their own place and sufficient land for their livelihood. They brought light to mankind for illumination and to spread their wisdom and knowledge.

The realization of the White Barbarians' inexorability was all the more difficult to bear since my first contacts seemed to be successful. The officers I had rescued interceded for me, and I was introduced to a high Brazilian official. I told him about my people's distress and asked for his help. The white leader listened to me in surprise and promised to pass on

my report. In the meantime, he sent me to Manaus, where I was to await the decision of the high council of Brazil.

For three months I lived in a camp of soldiers of the White Barbarians. They were well trained and knew life on the rivers and in the liana wilderness. They went on regular campaigns to the most distant territories of their empire. I learned from them to my dismay that the White Barbarians were engaged in warfare on practically all frontiers. In the Mato Grosso they fought against the Tribe of Wanderers. In the headwater regions of the Great River they were burning down the settlements of the Tribe of Evil Spirits. In the country of the Akahim they attacked the savage tribes and drove them back into the mountains.

I had not yet gotten over the terrible descriptions of the white soldiers when I was summoned to the capital of Brazil. Here I reported for a second time on the despair and distress of my people. I revealed the history of the Ugha Mongulala to the highest leaders of the White Barbarians. My listeners were surprised. They were prepared to check my report and also had me contact a German representative. He received me kindly and listened to me attentively. But then he declared that he could not believe my story because there had never been an invasion of 2,000 German soldiers in Brazil. Even the names I mentioned did not convince him. He impatiently asked me to place the fate of my people into the hands of the White Barbarians.

Barely two years have passed since this conversation. On the frontier between Bolivia and Brazil alone, seven Allied Tribes have been exterminated by the White Barbarians, among them the proud warriors of the Black Hearts and the Great Voice. Four savage tribes have fled into the headwater region of the Red River to escape extinction. One third of my people fell victim to the weapons of the White Barbarians. Is that what the representative of the Germans meant when he advised me to place the destiny of my people into the hands of the White Barbarians?

Such are the White Barbarians. Their hearts are full of hatred. Their deeds are cruel. They have no understanding. They have envious faces and two hearts, black and white at the same time.

They lust after wealth and power. They plan malice against the Chosen Tribes, who have not done them any harm. But the Gods are just. They punish those who break their bequest. The White Barbarians will pay dearly for their crimes. They shall expiate their sins. For the circle is closing. Ominous signs are in the sky. The third Great Catastrophe, which will destroy them, as water destroys fire and light destroys darkness, is no longer far away.

I had already spent seven moons in the land of the White Barbarians. Then one of their leaders said he would accompany me to the Great Cataract, twenty hours' walk away from Akakor. Here he wanted to establish the first contact with my people. Only a year later, an expedition by a larger group of white soldiers to the capital of the Ugha Mongulala was to be planned. This gave me time to prepare my people for their arrival. I was happy; my task seemed fulfilled. But once again the White Barbarians showed their evil hearts. They broke the agreement they had themselves suggested and arrested me in Rio Branco. They

bound the prince of the Chosen Tribes, the supreme servant of the Gods, like a wild animal and kept me captive in a large stone house. I have to thank the Gods that I succeeded in escaping. They gave me the strength to break my bonds. I knocked down my careless guards and fled. Eight moons after my departure I returned to Akakor with empty hands, disappointed at the lies of the White Barbarians.

And the priests assembled. They fasted for thirteen days in the Great Temple of the Sun. They were ready to sacrifice their lives. They were ready to give their hearts for their children, their wives, and their descendants. They wanted to die for their people. This was the price they were prepared to pay. That was the burden they were ready to take up to save the Chosen Tribes.

The Ugha Mongulala did not accept the sacrifice offered by the priests. For 12,000 years they had repudiated human sacrifice and had kept the laws of the Former Masters, from which they would never deviate. For these are eternal laws and they determine the life of the whole people of the Chosen Servants. They assign each individual's task in the community, as it is written in the Chronicle of Akakor, in good words, in clear script:

It happened an infinitely long time ago. A paving stone lay on the road to the Great Temple of the Sun. It saw people pass over it to make offerings to the Gods. It saw people from all four corners of the world. And the paving stone was seized by longing. And when the high priest passed over it, it asked for legs. And the high priest was greatly surprised. But the wise man, the magician, the lord over all things, gave legs to the paving stone. He gave it four legs that would never stop moving. And the paving stone set out. Over mountains and valleys, through plains and forests, it wandered here and there until it had seen everything and was tired of looking. So it returned to the Great Temple of the Sun. And when it came to its old place, it saw that it was already filled. And its heart grew heavy and it wept bitter tears. And the paving stone recognized the truth: Only he who fulfills his tasks in the community fulfills the laws of the Gods.

4 THE RETURN OF THE GODS

I 970—present

The world is filled with skepticism and uncertainty. Changes are occurring in all fields of knowledge that threaten to disrupt previously valid economic and political systems. The stocks of atom and hydrogen bombs are sufficient to destroy all life on earth. The increasing shortage of raw materials has led to the final assault on the last unexplored regions. Trunk roads and airports in Amazonia have created the necessary bases for the opening up of the enormous virgin forest regions, restricting the living space of the native population still further. According to the estimates of FUNAI, the Brazilian Government's Indian Protection Authority, scarcely 10,000 forest Indians will live to see the year 1985.

The Death of the High Priest

When a man has nothing much to lose and all roads to the future look bleak, he turns to the past. This is what I did by revealing the secret of the oldest people on earth. But the White Barbarians did not believe my words. Like ants that destroy everything, they take what little land we have left. And so the Ugha Mongulala are preparing for their extinction. For the end is near; the circle is closing. The third Great Catastrophe is approaching. Then the Gods will return, as it is written in the chronicle:

"Woe on us. The end is near. We have come to a sorry pass. What have the Chosen Servants done to fall so low? Oh, that the Former Masters would return." Thus spoke the men in the high council. They spoke in sorrow and distress, with sighs and tears. For time was drawing to a close. Black clouds covered the sun. The morning star was veiled. And the high priest bowed low before the golden disk. He spoke in the Great Temple of the Sun: "Who are these people?"

Who bore them? Whence did they come? Truly, our hearts are heavy, for what they do is evil.

Their thoughts are cruel. Their beings are full of menace. But if they force us to fight, fight we will. Lance in hand, trusting in bow and arrow, we will die as the servants of the Former Masters, who will soon return to avenge us."

In the year 12,452 (1971), a few moons after my return to Akakor, the Ugha Mongulala were visited by yet another disaster: Magus, the high priest, had died. He had collapsed after a meeting of the high council, overcome by grief and his knowledge of the impending peril. His death was like an ominous sign to the Ugha Mongulala, an indication of the approaching doom. Beset by the advancing White Barbarians, they lost courage and their faith in the bequest of the Former Masters.

The mourning ceremonies for Magus, the high priest of the Chosen Tribes, lasted for three days. The priests assembled in the Great Temple of the Sun and prepared his body for the journey into the second life. They wrapped him in fine cloth and carried him to the consecration stone before the golden mirror, the eye of the Gods. They placed a loaf of bread and a bowl of water, the signs of life and death, at his feet. The elders of the people offered incense, bees' honey, and ripe fruit. The warlords recalled the wisdom and the feats of the departed. Then the priests took the body of Magus into the prepared burial chamber in the front of the Great Temple of the Sun. For three days, the people passed the burial chamber and, in sorrow and grief, they took leave of Magus. On the following morning, even before the rising sun's rays had touched the earth, the priests closed the tomb. Magus, the wise high priest who predicted all wars and to whom everything was revealed, had returned to the Gods.

Now we speak of Magus. He will remain in the hearts of the Chosen People forever, for he did only what was true and just. Everything false and confused was unknown to his heart. He had dedicated his life to the Gods. He was a master of knowledge. Every part of his body was filled with wisdom and full of truth. He knew the balance of all things. He could see into the hearts of people, and he understood the laws of nature. His acts were not subject to the influence of the hour. He knew neither ambition nor envy. Obeying the laws of the Gods, he completed the circle. And he surrendered to them in the hour of death, which is irrevocable, like the sun at daybreak which determines the life of man.

The Retreat into the Underground Dwellings

Magus, the high priest of the Ugha Mongulala, had died. Following the bequest of the Gods, his position passed to his firstborn son. He, like the prince, had to undergo a severe test by the high council and speak to the Gods. Uno, the firstborn son of Magus, returned to the Great Temple of the Son after thirteen days. The elders confirmed him as the new high priest. Lhasa's laws had been fulfilled.

I summoned the high council to decide on the future of the Chosen Tribes. The meeting took only a short time. The elders of the people decided unanimously to move into the underground dwellings of the Gods.

And so the Ugha Mongulala returned to the same place where their ancestors had already survived two Great Catastrophes. They lamented as they gave up their houses and broke off all connections with the outside world. With their black powder, the German soldiers destroyed the temples, palaces, and buildings of Akakor. The warriors burned down the last villages and settlements. They left behind no sign, no trace that might have pointed the way to Akakor. They even gave up the few remaining bases in the headwater region of the Great River. The Allied Tribes were given the choice either to join the Ugha Mongulala or to break off relations. Of the seven tribes, six decided to stay in their old tribal territories. Only the Tribe of

Serpent Eaters accompanied my people into the underground dwellings. They were welcomed with all honors and their chieftain was given a seat in

the high council in gratitude for his loyalty to the Ugha Mongulala and the bequest of the Gods.

The withdrawal is completed. The Chosen Servants went to the underground dwellings to await the return of the Gods. Then their hearts rested. And they told their sons of the past days and the glory of the Gods, of the mighty magicians who created mountains and valleys, the waters, and the land. They spoke of the lords of heaven who are of the same blood and have the same father.

Since the Chosen Servants retreated to the underground dwellings in the year 12,452 (1971), only 5,000 warriors remain aboveground. They cultivate the fields, bring in the harvest, and report to the high council about the advance of the White Barbarians. But they have been forbidden to fight. When enemies appear, they must retreat to preserve the secret of the underground dwellings.

Thirty thousand people are still living in lower Akakor, Bodo, and Kish. The other cities are deserted or, like Mu, are filled with stores and war equipment. Even today, artificial light illumines the thirteen cities of the Gods. Air for breathing comes through the walls. The large stone gates can still be moved as smoothly as they were 10,000 years ago. After the retreat, the German soldiers tried to solve the mystery of lower Akakor. They measured the tunnel and made exact charts. At the request of their leaders, I even opened the secret complex underneath the Great Temple of the Sun to them. Here the German soldiers discovered strange instruments and tools of the Gods which resembled their own equipment. They had the impression that the Ancient Fathers had left the underground dwellings in sudden flight. But our allies could not explain the secret of lower Akakor either. For the Gods built the cities according to their own plans, which are unknown to us. Only when they return will men understand their works and actions.

Now the German soldiers are resigned to being with us. They have grown old or have died. Their children think and feel like the Ugha Mongulala and live according to the bequest of the Gods. The priests hold consecration services in the Great Temple of the Sun. The ordinary people manufacture objects for daily use. The officials of the prince maintain communications to Bodo and Kish. This is a period of learning and contemplation. All the

people live in their memories, and their hearts are heavy when they think of Lhasa's glorious days. Now they have nothing but hope to protect them from the assault of the White Barbarians on the underground dwellings. And they have the certainty that the Gods will soon return, as they promised on their departure.

The Return of the Gods

If the Ugha Mongulala were a people like any other, their fate would have been fulfilled long ago. But they are the Chosen Servants of the Gods; they trust in their ancient bequest. Even at times of direst need they live according to the laws of the Ancient Fathers. This entitles them to judge the White Barbarians and to warn mankind, as it is written in the Chronicle of Akakor:

People of the forest, the plains, and the mountains, be warned: The White Barbarians are raving mad. They kill one another. Everything is blood, terror, and perdition. The light of the earth is close to extinction. Darkness covers the road. The only sounds heard are the wings of the owls and the cries of the Great Forest Bird. We must remain strong against them. When one of them comes close, stretch out your hands. Reject him and cry: "Be silent, you of the loud voice.

Your words are only like the grumbling of thunder, nothing more. Stay away from us with your joys and lusts, your wild grasping for riches, your greed to be more than the next man, all your senseless actions, the fumbling of your hands, your curiosity in thinking, and knowledge that knows nothing after all. We do not need any of that. We are content with the bequest of the Gods, whose light does not dazzle us and does not lead us into confusion but instead brightens

The Chronicle of Akakor

all roads so that we can absorb its great wisdom and live like humans."

I remember. It was in the year 12,449, when I first visited the land of the White Barbarians. Again and again, the soldiers asked the same questions. They spoke about the life of the peoples on the Great River, about their alleged laziness and their alleged vices. The savages, so they told me, are congenitally stupid, cunning, and false. They have little spirit and no stamina. They kill each other for the love of fighting. In this way the White Barbarians spoke about peoples who already had written laws when they themselves were still running the woods on all fours, as it is written in our chronicle. But I accepted their evil talk; I stored up their words inside me like a scout who remembers the tracks of his enemies.

But in the eight moons I spent in the country of the White Barbarians, I found nothing that could have been useful to my people. It is true that they have also cultivated fields and built cities. They have laid roads and invented powerful instruments which no Ugha Mongulala can understand. But the bequest of the Gods has remained hidden to them. The White Barbarians are destroying their own world with their false beliefs.

They are blinded to such an extent they do not even recognize their origin. For only he who knows his past will also find the way into the future.

The Ugha Mongulala know their past, as it is written down in the Chronicle of Akakor. Therefore they also know their future. After the prophecies of the priests, a third Great Catastrophe will destroy the earth in the year 12,462 (1981). The catastrophe will begin where Samon once established his great empire. A war will break out in this country that will slowly spread over the whole earth. The White Barbarians will destroy each other with weapons that are brighter than a thousand suns. Only a few will survive the great storms of fire, and among them will be the people of the Ugha Mongulala who have remained in the underground dwellings. This, in any case, is what the priests say, and thus they have written it down in the chronicle:

A terrible fate is in store for mankind. A storm will rise, and the mountains and valleys will tremble. Blood will rain from the sky, and man's flesh will shrink and become soft. People will be without strength or movement. They will lose their reason. They will no longer be able to look backward. Their bodies will disintegrate. In this way the White Barbarians will reap the harvest of their deeds. The forest will be filled with their shadows, twisted with pain and helpless. Then the Gods will return, full of grief for the people who forgot their bequest. And a new world will arise where men, animals, and plants will live together in sacred union. Then the Golden Age will return.

That ends the Chronicle of Akakor.

APPENDIX

SUPPLEMENTARY EXPLANATIONS, EXAMPLES, AND REFERENCES The Origin of Latin American Man

It all started with Christopher Columbus. When the Italian sailor discovered the New World at the end of the fifteenth century, he established contact with theretofore completely unknown people. Because Columbus and his companions had been seeking the way to the West Indies, they were convinced that the natives were called *Indios*, and this name has been retained, although the error that brought it into being was corrected very shortly afterward. Over the past 500 years, archaeological findings and ethnological research have led to the most extravagant theories about the origin of American man. Gregorio Garcia, one of the officials of the Spanish Inquisition, even assumed that the inhabitants of the new world were of biblical origin. One son of Noe's, Isabel, was thought to have populated America as far as Peru, whereas another son, Jobal, would have settled in Brazil. (This South American tale is obviously a version of the Noah story.) Garcia wrote in the seventeenth century, "The natives do not recognize Jesus Christ. They are not grateful to us for the good we do them. Therefore they can only be unbelievers."

The explanations of a number of popular authors are no less imaginative. They connect the origin of the native population of America with the legendary continent Atlantis, which, according to the Greek philosopher

Plato, was submerged in 9500 B.C. The proponents of various migration waves from Egypt, Asia Minor, and Europe belong to the same group.

Sir Walter Raleigh changed the prince of the Incas, Manco Capac, into the *Englishman* Capac. Followers of the German scholar Wegener, on the other hand, believed in the African origin of the American indigenous population. At a time when Africa and America were still connected, the Indians were supposed to have crossed to Amazonia on foot.

There is better historical evidence for the theory of the German-Bolivian scholar Posnansky. After twenty years' research in the Bolivian ruins of Tiahuanaco, he came to the conclusion that the first Americans developed on the American continent independently of European and Asian peoples. Subsequently, the British scholar Fawcett supported Posnansky's theory and saw Tiahuanaco as merely one of many settlements in a mighty forest empire.

Nowadays, scholars are divided into two clearly separate schools: the proponents of a migration from Asia across the Bering Straits and the believers in the development of autonomous American man. Both groups have submitted innumerable scientific proofs, which, however, have not clarified two basic problems: Where did the first American nations develop? And what was the course of the differentiated development of the native population that reached its cultural and political apotheosis in the empires of the Aztecs, Maya, and Incas?

These questions can hardly be answered scientifically, since essential links in the chain of evidence are missing. What *has* been established is the fact that at a very early period, probably more than 10,000 years ago, various tribes ruled America. They must either have had the same origin or been in communication with one another. We know this from the archaeological findings on the mysterious *samba quis*, the burial grounds of North and South American Indians. Further evidence can be found in the ancient death rituals of Incas and Mayas. But there are no explanations for these coincidences unless we draw on the legends and sagas of the peoples.

Myths and Maya Legends

According to the *Chi lam Balam*, the books of the jaguar priests of the Maya, history begins in 3113 B.C. The German Maya scholar Wolfgang Cordan connects this date with a mysterious historic event of great importance. Traditional historiography, however, mentions it only as a curiosity of the complicated Maya calendar. Strangely enough, the written traditions of the Central American nations coincide with the legends of jungle Indians. The Toltecs and Maya tell about the appearance of Gods and heroes who, without apparent effort, perform mighty deeds. The Amazonian Aruak also describe the arrival and departure of fruit bearers in strange masks. Some similar historical event seems to have influenced all peoples living at that time. We are aware of it even today and, although it may be wrapped in a cloak of mythology, it is undoubtedly based on real events.

The only direct connection with comprehensible history and Latin American myths is found in Quiche-Maya and Ugha Mongulala legends, except that their traditions distinctly refer to God-Kings and Ancient Fathers possessed of powerful physical qualities. They are the descendants of a mysterious stellar race; they are vastly superior to man and, after their death, enter into a second life that is closed to ordinary mortals. "If you want to become God yourself," says the *Chilam Balam* of the Quiche-Maya, "be worthy of it. Your earthly existence and behavior must be in harmony with the will of the Gods. You must follow the ethical laws of the cosmos. Then the Gods will not feel ashamed in your presence and you will speak to them as their equal."

In the Chronicle of Akakor, the "Former Masters we call Gods" came to earth around 13,000 B.C. and

shaped it in their image. They gave mankind names, language, and script. They taught them elementary agriculture and political laws that have remained at least partly operative to this day. They also passed on to them the underground dwellings as protection against an imminent catastrophe. This is how the chronicle records state it. The oral and written traditions of the oldest peoples are invariably comparable. At a time more than 10,000 years ago, one or more highly civilized nations inhabited the earth. They

were the leaders of the indigenous populations and performed tasks dependent upon astonishing arithmetic calculations. According to the Book of the Dead of the Egyptians, the Vedda of the Celts, and the Indian secret book *Mahabhrata*, they even transferred men from one planet to another. They were also responsible for the rise of the first centers of civilization, out of which the high cultures later developed.

The Thirteen Underground Dwellings

In whatever way the mythic memories and traditions may be regarded, they certainly solve the mysteries of terrestrial and human prehistory, and explain problematical archaeological evidence in their own way. The coastal desert of Nazca in Peru is scattered with giant pictures measuring kilometers, crisscrossed with dashes and lines of geometric figures. In his detailed examination of the ancient temple city of Tiahuanaco, Posnansky found strange subterranean chambers throughout the whole city with thick, closely fitted walls. Stone slabs weighing tons have been fitted, to the exact millimeter, in the strong mountain fortress of Sacsayhuaman in the neighborhood of Cuzco. The Spanish chronicler Montesinos ascribes this building to a powerful nation that perished ages ago. According to the majority of Amencanists, the fortress is built in the so-called Inca-Imperial style, dominant from about 1480 to 1530. According to the Chronicle of Akakor, the Ancient Fathers constructed gigantic stone cities more than 10,000 years ago, and among them were the thirteen underground dwellings and the trapezoid-shaped tunnels crossing the Amazon region. Up to this time, subterranean cities only appeared in myths and legends. Tibetan tradition speaks of the subterranean kingdom of Agarthis. The North American Indians know about extensive caves where the thunderbirds of the Gods were sheltered and cared for. Subterranean tunnels have been discovered all over the world.

In Peru and Bolivia, scholars and explorers found extensive stone passages that would be hard to construct even with today's technical equipment. The Peruvian *Seria Documental del Peru* even describes an expedition that members of the Lima university undertook in 1923. Accompanied by experienced speleologists, the scientists penetrated the trapezoid-shaped tunnels from Cuzco. They took measurements of the subterranean aperture and advanced in the direction of the coast. Then communications to the point of entry broke off. After twelve days, only one solitary member of the expedition returned to the surface, almost starved. But his reports of an underground confusing labyrinth were so incredible that the unfortunate explorer's colleagues declared him mad. To prevent further loss of life, the

police prohibited entry to the mysterious passages and dynamited the entrance.

The big Lima earthquake in 1972 once again brought the Peruvian underground structures into the headlines. During their salvage work, technicians found long passages no one had ever suspected were there. The following systematic examination of Lima's foundations led to the astonishing discovery that large parts of the city were crossed by tunnels, all leading into the mountains. But their terminal points could no longer be ascertained because they had collapsed in the course of centuries.

Who built these passages? And when were they constructed? Where do they lead? Only two of the many theories offer a logical explanation. The first mentions Inca escape routes built after the arrival of the Spanish conquerors. The second is based on Inca legends ascribing the tunnels to an ancient people. In his *Memorias Antiguas, Hystorales, Politicas del Peru*, Montesinos writes: "Cuzco and the city of ruins Tiahuanaco are connected by a gigantic subterranean road. The Incas do not know who built it. They also know nothing about the inhabitants of Tiahuanaco. In their opinion it was built by a very ancient people which later on retreated into the jungle of Amazonia."

The Great Universal Catastrophe

The myths of the Latin American aboriginal populations form a coherent picture. In the far distant past, the earth was ruled by a powerful race of Gods which subdued the native population and built gigantic cities. They obviously also constructed underground cities and fortresses in expectation of a war they evidently thought was inevitable. The subsequent actual occurrence of a terrible event is confirmed not only by tradition; geologists and archaeologists take it for granted that the first Great Catastrophe in the Chronicle of Akakor, the destruction of the world in the vocabulary of the Maya (or the Flood according to the Old Testament), actually occurred.

Scientists now interpret the event, which is a common part of every peoples' history, as natural. It could have been caused by a shift in the earth's axis due to the approach of a star, a comet, or the fall of a moon to the earth. Numerous geologists assume that there were great shifts in the earth's crust and subsequent giant tidal waves. Aboriginal legends and myths attribute this happening to the Gods. The Quiche-Maya *Popul Vuh* speaks of a visitation by the Gods to destroy wanton mankind. The Indian secret book of *Mahabhrata* describes a war between Gods. The Germanic *Edda* speaks of a revolt of the underworld: "The Sun turns black. Thunder rages. Yggdrasil's trunk stands trembling. The tree spirit groans. The giant breaks loose. Everything shakes. In the underworld the bonds of the blood-friend Surt break. The sky bursts. The land's girdle gapes toward the sky. It sprays blazes of fire and whips up poison. The God goes forward to meet the dragon. The sun goes out. The land sinks into the water. The happy stars fall from the sky."

The Chronicle of Akakor complements and completes the mythical information of other peoples. It tells of two hostile divine races with different physical properties. The beginning of the war is the year 13, 10,468 B.C., according to the Western calendar. In his *Critica*, Plato mentions 9500 B.C. as the year the legendary Atlantis was destroyed. The historian Hemus reports a terrible catastrophe that occurred in 11,000 B.C. Posnansky puts the destruction of Tiahuanaco around 12,000 B.C. A Greek philosopher, an Egyptian historian, and a German scholar all confirm what has been known long since in all oral and written traditions of all peoples.

Did the rise of mankind start with the arrival of alien astronauts? Did man develop on earth or did he originate on far distant planets? Whoever places more credence in the legends of ancient peoples than in scientific hypotheses or religious assertions can find innumerable indications that the Gods were responsible. But legends are no evidence. Neither the giant temple cities of the Maya, nor the enormous pyramids of the Egyptians, nor the coarse scratch patterns of Nazca in Peru need necessarily be nonhuman structures. They do certainly bear witness to the blossoming of high civilizations we no longer understand.

It may well be this enormous scale that raises their builders to the stature of Gods in our eyes.

Egyptians and Phoenicians in Brazil

The history of the first American man has remained mysterious. The majority of scientists hold that he walked across the icy desert of the Bering Strait and settled the continent from north to south. Posnansky's adherents take him to be a descendant of the population of Tiahuanaco. Many popular science authors think of him as the survivor of legendary Atlantis. But up to now nobody has been able to produce incontrovertible proof.

The American professor Cyrus Gordon caused an even greater stir when he published an amazing theory in 1971. He asserted that the ancient Oriental nations had known of America for thousands of years. As evidence, the scholar submitted the copy of a stone slab found in the Brazilian federal state of Ceara, which bears the following engraved inscription: "We are sons of Canaan. We come from Sidon, the city of the King. Trade has brought us to this land of mountains. We have sacrificed a youth to avert the wrath of the Gods in the nineteenth year of Hiram, our mighty king. We began our journey in Eziongeber and sailed with ten vessels on the Red Sea. We have spent two years on the sea and sailed around a country that is called Ham. Then a storm separated us from our companions; finally we arrived here, twelve men and three women, at a beach which I, the admiral, have taken into possession."

Cyrus Gordon's assertion caused a storm of indignation among Brazilian archaeologists and historians. He downgraded the Portuguese discoverers to mere successors of the Phoenician sailors and also supplied a completely new explanation for the origin of the name

Brazil. The current version derives the name from the tree *pau do Brasil*. According to the American professor, the word originates in the Semitic vocabulary. Several Brazilian universities sent groups of researchers to the area the professor had identified as the location of the finding to check on the sensational discovery.

The largest and most expensive expedition searched the region around Quixeramobim in the center of Ceara in 1971. During three months of arduous work, more than 1,000 kilograms of ceramics and soil samples

were collected. The archaeologists excavated more than 100 urns, and discovered mysterious stone images and colored porcelain ornaments. In the same winter, the leader of the expedition, the Brazilian archaeologist Milton Parnes, published his first report, which confirms the assertion by Gordon and the remarks in the Chronicle of Akakor about contact between the Ugha Mongulala and the empire of Samon beyond the eastern ocean.

References to an ancient connection between the Orient and the New World are not restricted to the astonishing discoveries in Ceara. The Egyptian Books of the Dead in the second millennium B.C. speak about the kingdom of Osiris in a distant country in the West. Rock inscriptions in the region of Rio Mollar in Argentina are clearly linear in the Egyptian tradition. Symbols and ceramic objects were found in Cuzco that are identical with Egyptian artifacts. According to the American researcher Verrill, they provide evidence for the visit of King Sargon of Akkad and his sons in Peru in the years 2500—2000 B.C. Consecration sites and temples in Guatemala seem to have been fashioned after the Egyptian pyramids.

Their architecture, which follows strict astronomic laws, points to the same origin or the same builder. But the most distinct indications are in Amazonia and the Brazilian federal state of Mato Grosso. Meter-high inscriptions on barely accessible rock faces unquestionably show the characteristics of Egyptian hieroglyphics. They were collected and interpreted by the Brazilian scholar Aifredo Brandao in his two-volume work *A Escripita Prehistorica do Brasil*. He writes in the preface: "Egyptian seafarers left traces everywhere, from the mouth of the Amazon to the bay of Guanabara. They are about 4,000—5,000 years old, and so we can surmise that communications by sea between the two continents were broken off at a later date." According to the Chronicle of Akakor, the relations between Egypt and South America broke off in the fourth millennium B.C. when savage tribes destroyed the city of Ofir, which had been built by Lhasa.

If one relies on Professor Gordon's theory, the relation was resumed in the nineteenth year of Hiram, 1000 B.C., by the Phoenicians. And the Ugha Mongulala report that they were followed in A.D. 500 by the Ostrogoths who were allied to some northern sailors. And finally, another 1,000 years

later, the Spaniards and the Portuguese arrived in their search for a shorter sea route to India. America, the New World, had been rediscovered.

Prehistory of the Incas

The voyage of Christopher Columbus first brought news about American civilizations to the Occident. The scribes of His Spanish Majesty described their cities, condemned the religious traditions of the people, and established the first calendars. The Spanish historian Pedro de Cieza de Leon and the Inca descendant Garcilaso de la Vega put the rise of the Inca empire in the first centuries of the Christian era. Only the chronicler Fernando Montesinos gives an exact genealogical table of the Kings of the Sun, which goes far back into the preChristian era.

For a long time, modern historiography accepted the validity of the data of Pedro Cieza de Leon and assumed the beginning of the Inca empire to have occurred around A.D. 500—800. At this time, this masterful nation of warriors was supposed to have begun the conquest of Peru and to have expanded as far

as the Pacific coast 300 years later. The new rulers of Peru developed a strong socialist-oriented state and established the largest empire in the history of Latin America. Only the latest archaeological finds in the highlands of Peru and Bolivia have resulted in totally different historical opinions. Since it is as difficult to explain the Incas' rise to being a world power within 300 years as it is to understand the development of a "socialist" state, the new theory holds that the origin of the Incas was hundreds, even thousands, of years before A.D. 500. The historian Montesinos, who had for so long been decried as a fantasist, is being reinstated: "A long time ago the divine Viracocha emerged from a cave. He was wiser and more powerful than ordinary men, gathered tribes around himself, and founded Cuzco, the city of the four world corners. This is the beginning of the history of the sons of the sun, as they call themselves."

Montesinos is the only Spanish historian who places the rise of the Inca empire in the pre-Christian era. However, he finds more support among his colleagues when he describes the women of the ruling family. Pedro de Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru, raves about the white skin of the Inca women, of their hair, "the color of ripe wheat," their finely molded features that would compare favorably with those of any Madrid beauty. Anyone

familiar with the Peruvian highland Indians can only be astonished with such a portrait. The descendants of the proud Incas are small in stature, with reddish skin—the exact opposite of the Spanish ideal of beauty. Either they have changed completely in the course of the centuries or the Inca ancestors belonged to a different breed. Fernando Montesinos connects them with the legendary Viracocha. Pedro de Pizarro adds that the natives take their prince to be "a child of the sky god," just like all other white and fair-haired people. The Chronicle of Akakor describes Viracocha as belonging to the race of the divine Prince Lhasa. Legends of the Peruvian highland Indians tell of a white-skinned tribe that vanished in the jungle without leaving any trace. But the mysterious people did not disappear entirely. In 1911, the American explorer Hiram A. Bingham discovered the city of ruins, Machu Picchu, in the Urubamba valley at an altitude of 3,000 meters. It was comparatively well preserved and had many similarities to the Inca mountain forts. But neither Pizarro's contemporaries nor the descendants of the Sun Kings knew of its existence. Bingham only discovered the city because he had been following the tracks of an old legend; this was the reason why he confused Machu Picchu with the still undiscovered Inca city of Paititi, the redoubt of the Inca Prince Manco II.

In the meantime, archaeological finds have proved that Machu Picchu is not identical with Paititi. The city of ruins dates from an era about which nothing is known and is one of the archaeological miracles that has withstood all attempts at interpretation. It has been explained and put in historical perspective only in the Chronicle of Akakor. According to the recorded history of the Ugha Mongulala, the "sacred city" was a foundation of the Exalted Son of the Gods, Lhasa. When the Inca empire collapsed at the arrival of the Spanish conquerors, they gave up Machu Picchu and retreated into the tropical jungle.

The Goths in Latin America

Traditional historiography keeps cautiously silent about the prehistory of the Incas and Maya for lack of dates, although the end of their civilizations is extensively described by Spanish historians. Exactly the opposite applies to the Ostrogoths, that proud race of warriors that conquered Italy within a

period of sixty years and was then defeated by the East Roman General Narses at the battle at Mount Vesuvius in A.D.

552. The last survivors of the formerly powerful people disappeared without trace. Linguists claim to have discovered their descendants in the south of France; ethnologists and historians think they are in the south of Spain. Neither school can supply definite proof.

According to the Chronicle of Akakor, the survivors of the unfortunate Goths united with bold sailors from the north. Together the two nations set out to find the Pillars of Hercules, where they might complain to the Gods. For thirty moons they traveled the infinite ocean until they came to the mouth of the Great River. The linguists agree on at least one point. The Pillars of Hercules, which are also mentioned in Greek mythology, are identical to the Straits of Gibraltar, between Spain and North Africa. Here then was the place where the Goths searched for the Gods who had abandoned them. But their hopes were betrayed; a strong wind drove the ships of their allies into the open sea. The fifty-meter-long wooden boats of the "bold seafarers" must

have been well constructed, for the Vikings were the first European people to set foot on Greenland and had, according to many scholars' opinions, actually discovered North America. Their raids into the western Mediterranean have certainly been substantiated so that contact with the Goths cannot be ruled out.

On the South American continent, traces of white Nordic peoples are both numerous and confusing. There is, first, the linguistic relationship between American and Nordic languages; there is the belief in divine origin and also similar social structures. Concrete evidence for the presence of Nordic peoples in Amazonia is supplied by the rock paintings of the famous *Pedra Pintada* on the upper Rio Negro. Among these are pictures of Viking carts and ships. This is really surprising, since no American people knew about the wheel until the arrival of the Spanish conquerors. For the Inca King Atahualpa the leveling of a mountain was less a question of technology than a means to occupy the workers.

The prehistory of the Central American nations is as mysterious and obscure as that of the Incas. The few written records and documents that were saved from the flames of the Inquisition have withstood the deciphering attempts of even the most up-to-date computers. The Maya chronology is based on the most mathematically accurate calendar in world history. Together with the ruins of the temple at Chichen Itza, it is the last remnant of a civilization that is at least equal (if not superior) to comparable European cultures.

The biggest mystery in the country of the Maya is the uncompleted cities in the Guatemalan jungle. We know that they were built between A.D. 300 and 900, but we have no idea who commissioned them. The Maya scholar Rafael Girard suspects that one reason for the sudden interruption of the building may have been a great famine that drove the people to the southern point of Mexico. The Chronicle of Akakor mentions the uncompleted cities in connection with the Goths. To prevent an invasion by the "feather-adorned people of the North," the high council had great cities constructed at the straits, but they were never completed. After some catastrophe, the forces that had been sent out fled further to the north. The date given is A.D. 560, which coincides with scientific assumptions.

Even today the problem of the Goths' or other Nordic peoples' arrival in the New World has not been cleared up. There are a number of different theories, all propagated by reputable scientists. In addition, traditional historiography has shown to what extent it is influenced by contemporary thinking and prejudices. For generations, historians have made grotesque errors, such as the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus or the building of Tiahuanaco in A.D. 900. How else is it possible that today's experts have made the following two assumptions and have stood rigidly by them: Everything started with the savage hordes from Asia, and everything finished with the Spanish Conquistadores. Seventy years ago, nothing was yet known about the fort of Machu Picchu. Twenty years ago, Amazonia was still regarded as an archaeological vacuum. Ten years ago, scientists still asserted that the number of jungle Indians had never exceeded 1 million. And so there may still be many secrets that lie buried under the rocks of the Andes or the liana wilderness of the jungle. We are still far from knowing everything.

The Arrival of the Spanish and Portuguese Discoverers

Columbus's arrival in America in 1492 initiated the contact between the European Conquistadores and the people of the New World. Their tradition was to receive strangers kindly, so they treated the bearded whites with much respect. The king of the Aztecs handed Cortez precious gifts. Atahualpa, the king of the Incas, sent a delegation to meet Pizarro. The chieftain of the Tupis even offered his own daughter as a sign of hospitality to the Portuguese who had landed on the Brazilian coast. "The natives," wrote the Portuguese sailor Cabral to his king, "appear so meek and peaceful that I can assure Your Majesty that there will be no problems in settling the country. They love their neighbor as themselves, and their language is always friendly, gentle, and accompanied by a smile."

This behavior, which was unusual in European eyes, was interpreted as weakness by the Spanish and Portuguese. Pizarro, described by his companions as a righteous subject of his king, thought the people should immediately be made to surrender all their gold, which was available in immense quantities. And for the next years, the European conquerors did everything to translate this intention into action. Within a few decades they destroyed three great empires, murdered millions of people, and even destroyed all written records of civilizations which, in many respects, were not only equal but even superior to their own. The New World went up in smoke, devastated and looted by the sailors who had been received like Gods. "They venerate us like divine beings," wrote the Jesuit padre Dom Jose to the Spanish king. "They give us everything we may want. Yes, they even know the story of the Savior. I can only imagine that one of the twelve apostles must have been on this continent before."

According to the oral and written traditions of the old American peoples, the Spanish and Portuguese conquerors owed their friendly reception not to a widely traveled apostle but to the Gods. They had done nothing but good for the people and promised to return one day. Since, according to the priests, "the time had run its course and the strangers had arrived on mighty ships gliding soundlessly over the water, and with masts reaching into the sky," the people saw that the prediction was being fulfilled. The race of the

Sun Father of the Incas, of the Ancient Fathers of the Ugha Mongulala, had returned.

Very soon, though, the natives learned that they had become the victims of a cruel deception. The supposed Gods behaved like devils. "They were bone breakers, worse than animals," as the Chronicle of Akakor puts it. The Aztec, Inca, and Maya empires were destroyed; with them the legend of the return of the divine ancestors also died. Only the Indian tribes living in inaccessible jungle areas have preserved this belief to the present day. "The natives came to meet us as if they had expected us," writes the Brazilian ethnologist Orlando Vilas Boas in his report on establishing contact with a tribe of the Aruak in 1961. "They escorted the expedition to the center of the village and presented gifts. The behavior of the Indians must be linked to an ancient memory which has been passed on from generation to generation."

The White Cities, the Jungle Empire on the Amazonas

The subjugation of Peru and the destruction of the Indian tribes on the Brazilian coast changed the course of the South American conquest. The character of the strangers was no longer a mystery to the natives; they were now aware of their aims and the credibility of their words, and they offered strong resistance.

The first to experience this was Pizarro's companion, the Spanish adventurer Francisco Orellana, who, under great hardship, navigated the Amazon to its mouth. The first crossing of the South American continent had succeeded, and was described and documented in the logbook of his companion Gaspar de Carvajal. According to this report, Orellana found strongly structured communities on both banks of the river.

Carvajal describes market buildings, fisheries, and generously laid out settlements built to keep the Spaniards from landing, as well as numerous streets, fortifications, and public buildings. Villages were packed together so closely that the region appeared to Carvajal like part of his native Spain: "We advanced ever further into inhabited areas, and one morning at eight o'clock, after we had negotiated a bend in the river, we saw a beautiful city

which by its size must be the capital of an empire. Numerous white cities followed later, barely two miles from the river bank."

Carvajal's report is proof of an extensive developed empire in the interior of Amazonia in the seventeenth century, with a high degree of civilization, for the fortifications and the white cities could not have been constructed by jungle Indians. Only the Incas, the Maya, or the Aztecs would have been capable of such an achievement. Since their empires have been proved to have been restricted to the western parts of the continent, only one other people can be considered: according to the Chronicle of Akakor, the Ugha Mongulala.

A hundred years later, the Jesuit Cristobal Acuna confirmed the reports of his predecessor. He also describes the signs of urban life: dense population, defensive measures, and public buildings "in which there were many garments made of multicolored feathers." In conclusion, Acuna summarizes the impression he has gained of the country through which he passed for several months: "All the peoples along this river are

extremely reasonable, vivacious, and inventive. That can be seen in all their works they produce, whether these are sculptures, drawings, or many-colored paintings. The settlements are carefully built and ordered, although it would appear that they depend on cities located further in the interior."

According to the Chronicle of Akakor, the Ugha Mongulala ruled over an extensive empire which extended down almost the whole course of the Amazon. Then the White Barbarians arrived with the new symbol of the cross and induced the Allied Tribes to break their allegiance. The Inca tragedy was repeated, albeit slowly and in stages. The Portuguese may not have known any mercy either when it was a matter of converting the natives to Christianity or relieving them of their unnecessary luxuries. But they lived in a country without any visible political center, and they were fighting natural forces that seem to resist even the most modern machinery. The Transamazonica spur of the road between Manaus and Barcellos on the lower Rio Negro, built in 1971, was overgrown by tropical vegetation within a year. The technicians even had difficulties locating the approximate direction of the road. It is not surprising therefore that there are no more signs of "white cities."

The Amazons

Traditional historiography has almost ignored Padre Gaspar de Carvajal's travel log, possibly because the report of those eight months in regions that have retained their mystery until today deals mainly with the search for food. Settlements existed merely as possible targets for looting. A traveler avoided white cities and rejoiced when he came across small and defenseless villages. Carvajal's contemporaries paid attention to just one tiny section—the reference to a tribe of warlike women with a fairy-tale capital of gold. This part of the journal caught the imagination of greedy conquerors. They advanced from all directions to the region on the upper reaches of the Orinoco to find the tribe of the Amazons and their legendary capital, El Dorado.

The military expeditions that were dispatched in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries invariably took the same course. Spanish and Portuguese forces, German and French mercenaries under the leadership of various commanders, wandered for months through inaccessible territories. They met the attacks of a warlike population, adverse natural forces, and a constantly flooded terrain. The men were defeated by hunger; they devoured their pack animals and ultimately turned to cannibalism. "We took the bound Indian, and when we came to the stream, we killed him and divided him among us. We lit a fire and ate of his flesh. Then we lay down to rest for the night, but first we fried the rest of the meat." This is the report of Cristobal Martin, a soldier in the expeditionary force of General von Hutten.

The valiant Amazons and mysterious El Dorado were never discovered. According to the Chronicle of Akakor, they fought against the alien invaders for seven years. Then they were exhausted. They destroyed Akahim and retreated into the underground dwellings.

During the centuries that followed, El Dorado assumed a peculiar character. The fabulous golden city seemed to wander from one point of the Brazilian jungle to another with the fascination and inconstancy of a Fata Morgana. Immense areas were explored in search of the elusive city, and innumerable legends were rediscovered or fabricated. But El Dorado had vanished. Early in the twentieth century, its alleged location shifted from the Orinoco on the

frontier between Brazil and Venezuela to the Mato Grosso jungle. The English explorer Fawcett claimed to have discovered giant pyramids in this region. He was so firmly convinced of their existence that he embarked on a number of dangerous expeditions. He justified his belief in a letter to his son: "One thing is certain. A dense veil lies over the prehistory of Latin America. The explorer who succeeds in finding the ruins will be able to expand our historical knowledge in an unimaginable way."

Like many of his predecessors, Fawcett failed due to the geographic and climatic conditions of the tropical rain forest: He never returned from his last expedition in the summer of 1943. But his fate did not prevent other courageous explorers from continuing the search for a distant past. In 1944, the Brazilian ethnologist Pedro E. Lima discovered a well-defined Indian path from the headwater region of the Xingu to Bolivia.

The German Indian scholar Egon Schaden collected the legends of the Brazilian Indians and combined them for a magnificent presentation of their prehistoric past.

The last ten years have seen a decisive advance in the archaeological opening up of Brazil. During the construction of the Transamazonica and the Perimetral Norte (two trunkroads through the jungle), bulldozers and road gangs repeatedly came across previously unknown fields of ruins. The Brazilian Indian Protection Service discovered white-skinned, blue-eyed Indians in the Altamira region. In Acre, white settlers were attacked by Indians who were "tall, well-built, very beautiful, and white-skinned." But the most amazing discovery was made by a surveying team of a Brazilian frontier post in the Pico da Neblina area. They established contact with an Indian tribe where women played the predominant role. According to the Chronicle of Akakor, Akahim lies on the eastern slopes of the Pico da Neblina, the highest Brazilian mountain.

The Extinction of the Jungle Indians

The existence of the mysterious Amazons still remains a legend. The extinction of the jungle Indians is real, however, caused by disease and the unique form of the white colonizers' violence. Immediately after their arrival they relegated the natives to a rank below slavery. The indigenous

population was robbed and suppressed to such an extent that they had no other means of survival than to feed on caterpillars, herbs, and roots. Their leaders were killed by the Europeans under cruel torture to break the resistance of the "savages" once and for all. As the Spanish historian Oviedo put it, "Five or six young dogs were let loose on each of the sixteen chieftains to train them for this kind of manhunt. As they were still young, they only ran around the Indios and barked. But when the Indios thought they had beaten them off with sticks, two experienced bulldogs were let loose which skinned and gutted them immediately and devoured as much as they liked."

Even the declaration of independence of the various South American national states after the victories of the patriot Simon Bolivar over the Spanish mercenaries in the battle of Ayacucho brought little relief to the indigenous population. A small white upper class directed each of the countries like a family establishment. Revolts of the enslaved Indian population were cruelly put down. Angelim, the leader of Brazil's most important social-revolutionary movement, died in prison. The movement he had led, the *Cabanagem*, disintegrated under the firepower of Portuguese and British men-of-war. Two thirds of the Amazonian population were massacred.

Only marginal reference is made to these popular revolts in the Chronicle of Akakor. The Ugha Mongulala scouts observed the atrocities of the White Barbarians in terror and otherwise used the lull in the fighting for their retreat into the central territory of Akakor. But the unexpected remission was soon over, and the Indians played out the last act of the tragedy that had started with Columbus, a saga of crime and violence. Center stage is occupied by adventurers, prospectors, and the infamous Winchester rifle. Opponents to genocide also play their parts, such as the Brazilian Marshall Rondon, the founder of the Brazilian Indian Protection Service. But even this organization, founded by white civilization to protect the natives, developed only to accelerate their doom. Since the discovery of the New World 500 years previous, only the form of the white conquerors' lust for power has changed. The London journal *Economist* reported in its issue of May 15, 1968, on the situation of the Brazilian Indians: "The list of crimes is without end. The original version of the survey of the results of the

inquiry ordered by the Minister of the Interior, Albuquerque Lima, weighs more than 100 kilograms. The abridged version amounts to twenty-one volumes with 55,115 pages. It records the crimes against the persons and property of Indios, murder and prostitution, slavery, down to the problems in connection with the sales of land and crafts. As mentioned by the government reporter Jader Figueira, the crimes include the extermination of two Pataxi tribes in the state of Bahia by smallpox carried in pieces of candy. In the Mato Grosso, the Cintas Largas were exterminated by dynamite bombardments from low flying aircraft; employees of the Indian Protection Service mowed down

the survivors with machine guns. In addition, the food of the Indians has been mixed with arsenic and typhus virus."

However inhumanly a class may act when it is a matter of economic interest, it cannot be denied that they are influenced by social conventions. The European colonizers were more than merely representatives of a small ruling class. They could exterminate the natives with impunity because they regarded the "savages" as inferior. And ironically, the population of the New World regarded the "bearded strangers" as higher beings predestined to rule because of their skin color alone. Only one single nation seems to have realized this error in time. The bequest of the Ancient Fathers led the Ugha Mongulala to regard the new arrivals as White Barbarians. Any objective observer cannot help agreeing with this characterization. The representatives of the white civilization have proved themselves to be nothing but despicable robbers while they could in truth have been "Gods."

Brazil and the Third Reich

The history of the Third Reich has still left many questions unanswered. Hitler's political considerations and the strategic game plans of his generals are known, although the *Fuhrer's* predilection for the occult sciences and his religious obsessions remain obscure. The pattern of the battles and terrible results of the Second World War are also known. Hitler's military decisions, his plans for world conquest, and the actions of the secret commandos in the most distant parts of the world remain unfathomable. In retrospect, it is hard to define what it was that influenced the history of the Third Reich most, but one thing is certain: Hitler's mystic picture of the

universe has so far not been sufficiently studied. But let us stay with the historical facts for now.

Up to the middle of 1939, Latin America showed indifference to the political events in Europe. Only when the forces of the Third Reich invaded Poland and Hitler's plans for expansion became obvious were the South American countries caught in the vortex of the beginning world war. The visit of the Commander-in-Chief of the U.S. Army, George C. Marshall, to Rio de Janeiro in June 1939 influenced Brazil to join the Allied side. "In the defense of North America," the general declared, "Brazil plays an essential part. The presence of hostile forces on Brazilian territory and command over communications with Europe and Africa would present a dangerous threat to the U.S. Consequently, the coast between Salvador and Belem must be secured against a possible invasion and be defended."

Marshall's considerations were readily accepted by his Brazilian colleagues. They were also afraid of German landings and requested the construction of strong fortifications along the east coast. At the 1939 Panama conference, Brazil declared itself willing to put supply bases and strategic airports for defensive purposes at the U.S.'s disposal. Within a few months, the first American bomber squads were landing in Joao Pessoa and Recife. In January 1940, President Vargas enacted decisive laws providing for the supervision of the German Nazi sympathizing colony. On December 7, 1941, the day the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, the Brazilian decision was made, relations with Berlin were broken off, and the country prepared to join in the war.

On the German side, the American efforts for Brazil were carefully noted. General Canaris considered Brazil's strict neutrality a prerequisite for U-boat mastery over the southern Atlantic. General Keitel regarded the future invasion of South America as a natural sequence of the expanding Third Reich. Rosenberg, the head of the foreign department of the National Socialist party, dreamed of a German occupation of Brazil and the assumption of power by members of the German colony.

In the spring of 1942, when Field Marshal Rommel seemed to be about to conquer all of North Africa in his victorious campaign, Brazil was the main subject of discussion in a meeting of the General Staff in Berlin. The

Foreign Office, represented by Ambassador Ritter, advised against military action in view of a possible solidarity of all Latin American countries. Keitel and Rosenberg suggested mounting a massive attack against Brazil. After vehement discussions, Hitler decided on a retaliatory attack in order to "punish Brazil for her leaning toward the U.S. and to warn the country off from further hostile actions."

The secret operation started in early July 1942 in Bordeaux. A U-boat flotilla left for the south Atlantic to sink as many Brazilian ships as possible in "free maneuvers." On August 15, 1942, U-507 torpedoed the Brazilian freighter *Baendepi* near Salvador, and twenty-four hours later the freighter *Araquara*. Seven days later, on August 22, 1942, Brazil declared war on the Third Reich.

The outcome of the Second World War was not affected by the fighting on the Brazilian front, which was restricted to the northern shore, starting at Salvador, via Recife, down to Belem on the mouth of the Amazon. U-boats operating in this area attempted to cut off Allied supplies to Africa and Europe and prevent the development of strong Allied defensive fortifications along the coast. It was here that Brazilians and Americans had stationed bomber squads and an army of 55,000 men. According to a remark in the *Historia do Exercito Brasileiro*, their task was "the defense against a possible German invasion in the region of Joao Pessoa and Natal."

The Brazilian high command was so firmly convinced of German invasion plans that it increased the strength of the army to 65,000 as late as 1943—1944. The strategic area "Norte-Nordeste" only lost significance after the Allied victory over Rommel's Afrika Korps and plans for the reconquest of France had started.

Did Hitler actually plan a Brazilian conquest? Was it technically feasible? Did it by any chance actually occur? According to the war journal of the Brazilian Colonel Jose Maria Mendes, the Brazilian military was convinced of German invasion plans; otherwise it would be impossible to explain the strong army units along the north coast. The Brazilian Foreign Minister Oswaldo Aranha expressed the same opinion in a discussion with U.S. Ambassador Jefferson Caffery in 1941: "We are convinced that the German

Wehrmacht will try to occupy Latin America. Strategic reasons alone require the invasion to begin in Brazil."

German military historians offer quite a different opinion. In their evaluation of Third Reich strategy, they agree that the invasion plans were wish-fulfilment dreams of Rosenberg, technically impracticable, and never seriously planned. This school of thought can in no way explain a secret cable from Secretary of State Weizsaecker to the "*Feldmark*," the code name for the South American desk at the Foreign Office. In this cable, Weizsaecker informed Ambassador Ritter of the internal arguments between the *Wehrmacht* and the Foreign Office in connection with operations against the Brazilian mainland. The reference to the mainland confirms other information regarding Hitler's plans to extend his power to Latin America sooner or later. According to the protocols of the Munich conference on September 29, 1938, Chamberlain suggested to the *Führer* that German settlers be sent to Amazonia.

2,000 German Soldiers in Akakor

Available historical facts do not suffice to provide immutable evidence for a landing of German forces in Brazil. But the reports on Hitler's mystical imagination of the universe are extremely revealing. They date back to 1920, when the former house painter encountered the poet Dietrich Eckehardt, who for three years influenced the future "*Führer* of the Great German Empire" with his theories of the origin of the Germanic tribes in Thule, the supernatural beings of a vanished civilization, and the imminent rise of a superior race in the heart of Germany. In October 1927, shortly before his death, Eckehardt wrote: "Follow Hitler. He will dance. But the tune was written by me. We have given him the opportunity to make contact with Them. Do not grieve for me. I have influenced history more than any other German."

Master Eckehardt's tune was played all too soon. Within a few years, the religious association (Thule) he had founded developed into a powerful secret society, and in its wake arose the groups *Edeiweiss*, the *WaifenSS*, and the association *Ahnenerbe* (Ancestors' Heritage). The magic doctrines Eckehardt had proposed led to the creation of a terroristic state which combined an almost complete totalitarian order with

the mystic theory of an Aryan master race.

The Third Reich probably allotted more funds to the study of occult sciences than the U.S. did for the manufacture of the first atomic bomb. The activities of National Socialist secret associations extended from searching for the origins of the Aryan "race" to large expeditions to the most far-flung corners of the world. When the German forces had to give up Naples, Himmler had the tombstone of the last Hohenstaufen emperor removed to Germany. The Thule organization examined the mystic meaning of Gothic towers and established numerous contacts with Tibetan monks. When the Russians marched into Berlin, they found hundreds of nameless Tibetans who had fallen at the side of German soldiers.

The operations of German secret associations were no less numerous and well funded in South America. As early as 1938, a U-boat reconnoitered the lower Amazon. Its crew made a geographic survey and established contact with the German colony in Manaus. It made the first historical film of Amazonia, which is still preserved in East Berlin archives. The available photographic material demonstrates that the interests of the researchers went far beyond the collection of general data.

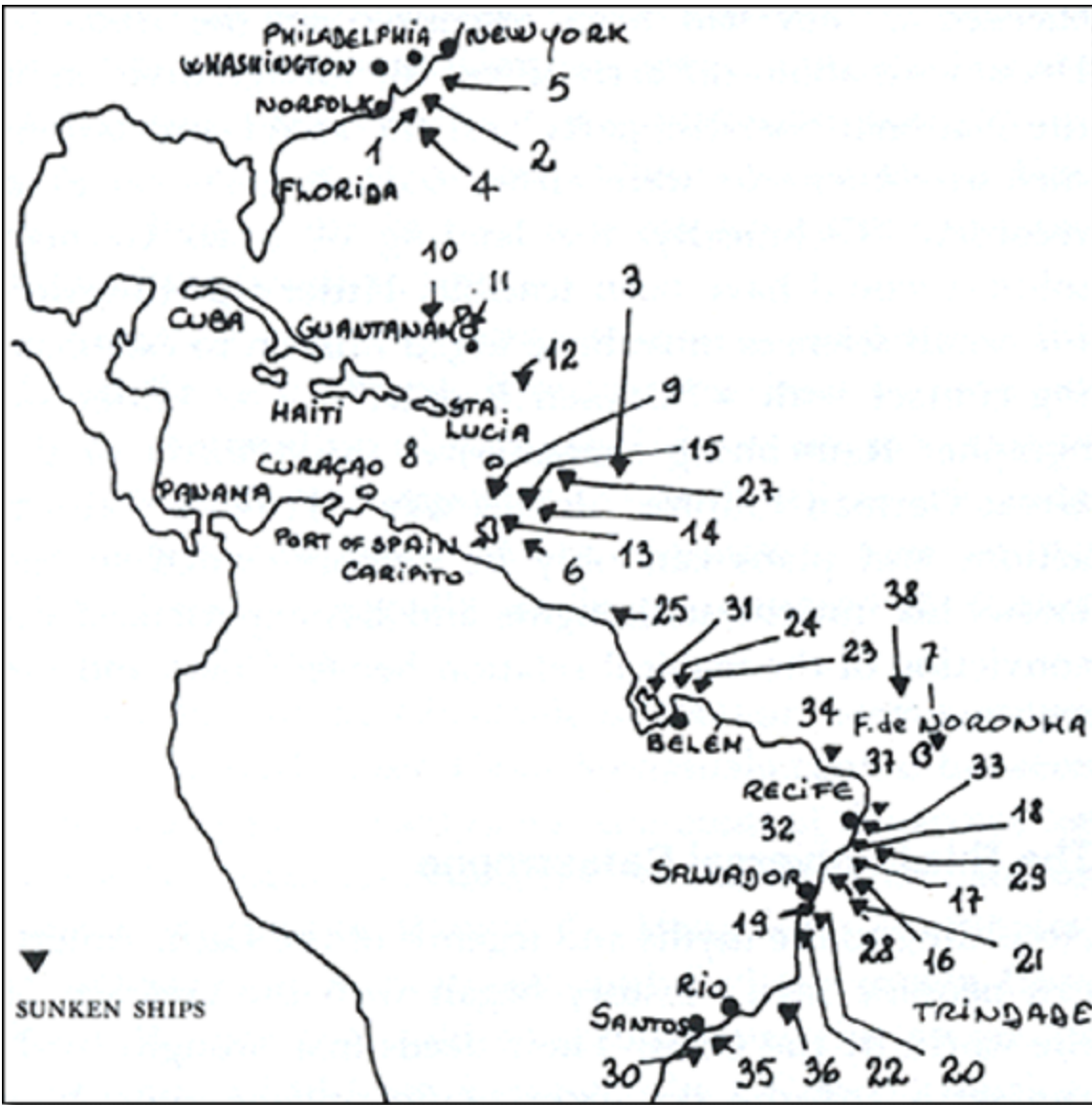
Another operation, documented in the archives of the Brazilian air force, was the voyage of the S.S. *Carlino* in June 1943 from Maceio to Belem. The orders of the valiant German freighter can only be assumed. The Brazilian air force believed that it carried a shipment of arms for underground German agents and attacked the ship without success. But this explanation does not appear plausible in retrospect. There was neither a German colony in the Maceio area nor were there installations of the Brazilian forces.

There are many references to secret operations of the Third Reich in Brazil. Eyewitnesses claim to have observed the landing of German U-boats on the coast of Rio de Janeiro. A reporter of the Brazilian magazine *Realidade* even discovered a German colony in the Mato Grosso, allegedly made up entirely of former members of the SS.

According to the Chronicle of Akakor, 2,000 German soldiers arrived in the Ugha Mongulala capital between 1940 and 1945. Marseilles was the point

of departure for this secret operation. Among the members were, among others, A. Jung of Rastatt, H. Haag from Mannheim, A. Schwager from Stuttgart, and K. Liebermann from Roth. Women and children accompanied the last group. The contact had been facilitated by a German missionary sister of the Santa Barbara station. A check of the data supplied in the Chronicle of Akakor supplied evidence that the four mentioned soldiers were assumed dead in 1945. The mission station Santa Barbara was attacked and destroyed by savage Indian tribes in 1936, according to information received from the Amazonian diocese. Among the numerous dead were several German nuns.

Considering the technical preparations a landing of 2,000 German soldiers would have required, the facts are insufficient. But the operations of German secret commandos during the Second World War could be checked if they had been organized by the *Abwehr*. Documents about the activities of the foreign division of the National Socialist party and the secret associations such as *Ahnenerbe* were either burned, or never even recorded. Technically, the landing of 2,000 German soldiers would have been feasible. Hitler's predilection for occult sciences must have urged him on to establishing contact with a "Chosen People."¹ The Hitler biographer Rauschnig characterizes the "*Führer* of the Great German Empire" in this way: "Hitler's political actions and plans can only be comprehended if one knows his innermost thoughts and has experienced his conviction of the magical relation between man and the universe."



Brazilian ships sunk by German U-boats

The end of the world is described in a similar way in the written and oral traditions of the old American nations. For the Central Americans, the cosmos we know is the fifth since the creation of the world: the sun of the earth or of the night, the sun of the air, the sun of the fiery rain, and the sun of the water; the fifth sun, the sun of the four movements, will vanish when the monsters of dusk rise in the West, goaded by the evil God Tezcatlopoça, who chews up the globe of the earth and keeps it in his gullet. Then the human race will become extinct. But a sixth sun will be born, a new world in which men will be replaced by planets, that is, Gods. The Indian tribe of

the Tupi expects a giant deluge that will destroy everything. According to the Chronicle of Akakor, the Gods will return after a third catastrophe has punished the White Barbarians.

Fathers transplanted man from planet to planet, one of which was the earth.

If one trusts the myths and legends of the indigenous peoples of South America, mankind's future is not assured. The world runs through cycles, each of which ends in a catastrophe. According to the priests of the Ugha Mongulala, only a few moons are left—we have until 1981. According to the Maya calendar, the next long count ends in 2011.

What are man's real future expectations for the following fifty years? The Club of Rome paints a pessimistic picture. Food production lags behind the population explosion. The accumulation of atomic weapons is sufficient to destroy mankind thirty times over and to pollute the atmosphere for centuries. Our civilization has senselessly wasted the earthly capital over the last forty years. Many animal species have been exterminated for profit, many plants have vanished, mineral resources are almost exhausted, the atmosphere is saturated with poisons. Mankind lives with "two hearts" entangled in a thousand dependencies. This division of the minds can be observed everywhere. Statesmen who consider themselves realists believe that existing military power demands peace if their nations are to have a future. Industrialists are still calculating on the bases of human material, productive output, and markets. Scientists act for their personal benefit. "If mankind does not succeed in developing a viable universal system from today's fragmented world," states the Club of Rome, "all future projects beyond the next fifty years are of academic interest only."

The Chronicle of Akakor does not know anything of mankind's salvation. In a circle that closes in 1981, the history of the world comes to an end in the "third Great Catastrophe." This will usher in a new era in which men, animals, and plants will live peacefully together following the laws of nature, the bequest of the Ancient Fathers.

Tables

(Editor's note: Although the Ugha Mongulala would have to be considered non-Aryans, they were still "White Indians," and the descendants of Gods who had lived on earth.)

The Third Universal Catastrophe

According to the myths and legends of the Latin American peoples, man's history began with the creation of the world by the Gods. Their deeds first brought forth the earth and the sky, later plants and animals. The creation of man was the most difficult task. The *Popol Vuh* of the Quiche-Maya relates that the Gods first fashioned man out of dust, then made figures from wood, and finally from a dough of cornmeal. In the view of the Miztecs of Anahuac, man emerged from a tree. According to the Chronicle of Akakor, the Ancient

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

<i>Calendar of the Ugha Mongulala</i>	<i>Our Calendar</i>	<i>Events in the Tribe of the Ugha ASortgulala</i>
ca. 3000 before the hour zero	ca. 13,000 B.C.	Arrival of the Gods and choosing of the tribes
0, hour zero	10,481 B.C.	Departure of the Gods
13	10,468 B.C.	The first Great Catastrophe
13-7315	10,468—3166 B.C.	The years of blood
4130	6351 B.C.	Destruction of Akakor by the Degenerated Tribes, retreat to lower Akakor
7315	3166 B.C.	Return of the Gods
7315	3166 B.C.	Akahim

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE CONTINUED

<i>Calendar of the Ugha Mongulak</i>	<i>Our Calendar</i>	<i>Events in. the Tribe of the Ugha Mongulala</i>
7315-7615	3166-2866 B.C.	Lhasa's rule, construction of Machu Picchu and Ofir, empire of Samon
7951	2470 B.C.	Viracocha, birth of the Incas
11,051	A.D. 570	Arrival of the Goths
1 1,051-12,012	570-1531	The thousand years of peace
12,013	1532	Arrival of the Spanish in Peru
12,412	1936	Attack on Santa Maria Mission, Reinha
12,422	1941	Arrival of the first German soldiers
12,444	1963	Fights at Maldonado

12,449

1968

Tatunca Nara in Manaus, proclaimed
prince of the Ugha Mongulala

Names of Indian Tribes Mentioned in the Chronicle and Their Probable Designations in White Usage *Tribes in the Akakor Region* The Tribe that Lives on the Water - **Amautas** The Tribe of Serpent Eaters - **Nambicuara** The Tribe of Wanderers - **Haixas** The Tribe of Refuse Eaters - **Kampa** The Tribe of Demons-Terror - **Maniteneri** The Tribe of Evil Spirits - **Apurina** *Forest Tribes on the Great River* The Tribe of Black Hearts - **Pianokoto-Tiriyo** The Tribe of the Great Voice - **Arawak (Apiaka)** The Tribe of the Glory that Grows - **Tukuna** The Tribe Where Rain Falls - **Jaminawa** The Tribe that Lives in the Trees - unknown The Tribe of Tapir Killers - **Kaxinawa** The Tribe of Distorted Faces - **Aiwateri**